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EVERY LIFE A DELIGHT

JAMES HENRY POTTS



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THE
FUTURE
AND
THE
PRESENT



LIFE'S DELIGHTFUL DAY

EVERY LIFE A DELIGHT

BY
JAMES HENRY POTTS



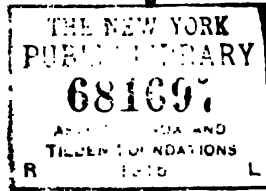
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PRELUDE

EVERY life ought to be a delight whether it is or not.

It should be a delight in itself and a delight to every other life.

Man was designed to have a happy time upon this beautiful earth, and if he does n't have it, the fault is his own.

"There is nothing better for a man," says the highest authority, "than that he should eat and drink, and that he should make his soul enjoy good in his labor."

What is the use of laboring if a man is not to enjoy good from it?

Carlyle suggests that it is not "to taste sweet things, but to do noble and true things, that the poorest son of Adam dimly belongs. Show him the way of doing that, and the dullest daydrudge kindles into a hero."

That is the point exactly. Man is to labor that he may rightfully eat and drink, and thus "make his soul enjoy good," or in other words, "do noble and true things."

As a help in this direction the following pages have been made up by a "DAYDRUDGE."

PROYECTO
DE
CONSTRUCCIÓN
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"HOW FINE IT IS TO LIVE."

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PART FIRST
LIFE IN FULL ZEST

THE greatest thing beneath the sun,
When everything is said and done,
Is man himself, his hopes and fears,
His love, his longings, griefs and tears,
His inspirations, wishes, needs,
His courage, faith, and mighty deeds—
That man is most, has most achieved,
Who most his fellows has relieved.

THE GLOW OF LIFE

How fine it is to live!
To wake each morn and say,
“Now thanks to God I give
For this auspicious day!”

How fine to rise in health,
Immune from ache and pain!
Preserved as if by stealth,
Renewed delight to gain!

How fine to hail the Spring,
As Winter disappears!
How dear each feathered wing!
How warmth returning cheers!

How zestful all things seem!
How new the commonplace!
How bright the sunshine's gleam!
How sweet the smiling face!

How friendly are the trees!
The rocks to rest invite.
How soft the gentle breeze!
How glorious the light!

How fine it is to live!
To close each blessed day,
Most fervent thanks to give,
And wish to live alway!

Every Life A Delight

DELIGHTFUL IDEAS

Individual betterment is worth struggling for, but the good of all is a more delightful aim.

The surest way to miss happiness is to seek it. The surest way to find it is to bestow it.

If satisfied with what you are, you will never advance. Improvement comes from aspiration.

To preserve the good things that are, and foster the better things that can be, is a motive worth while.

The overcoming of selfishness is a long step toward ideality. A complete life is never anchored to the ego.

No man can solve the riddle of the universe, but every man can help to make the riddle better worth solving.

Make each to-morrow better than to-day and your life will excel in brilliancy that of any reformer or prince.

When indulgence is governed by moderation rather than excess, the richest sweetness is being drawn from life.

If you wish for clearer, purer thought, forget what you ought not to remember, and remember what you ought not to forget.

Supplant the roots of bitterness and strife, plant the seeds of love and harmony, and you are a farmer after God's own heart.

If you hope to benefit your fellows, be charitable and friendly. Generosity and good fellowship will delight almost any social circle.

THE WORLD IS OURS

Hail, fellow-man! Great joy to thee!
The world is ours now;
We own the land; we hold the sea;
Our hands are at the plow.

Our hearts are in the mighty swim;
Our minds the problems grasp;
We launch the schemes; we share the vim,
And rich rewards we clasp.

Our fathers lived their little day,
Then passed their claims along;
The goods are ours while we stay—
Let each his stay prolong.

Lift up thy voice! Strike up a tune!
Join in a merry note!
Make all the year a flowery June!
Set summer songs afloat!

Look up! The Sun his brilliant rays
Is pouring in thy path!
What bracing air; what favored days
This generation hath!

The earth her riches vast lays bare;
Man's skill hath revel high;
We win success; each chance is rare;
We rush, we sail, we fly!

The world is booming! We are it!
Thyself an urgent part!
Catch on! Plunge in! A fighting fit
May nerve and soothe thy heart.

Every Life A Delight

Be not a cipher! Never shrink
From sipping richest cream!
Men may be greater than they think
And brighter than they dream.

Concede to none superior aim,
Or motive more unstained!
In chosen sphere and task be game
Till thou life's goal hast gained.

EARNESTNESS

I like the earnest man, strong of soul, clear of brain, firm of will, quick in action, and bound to work and win.

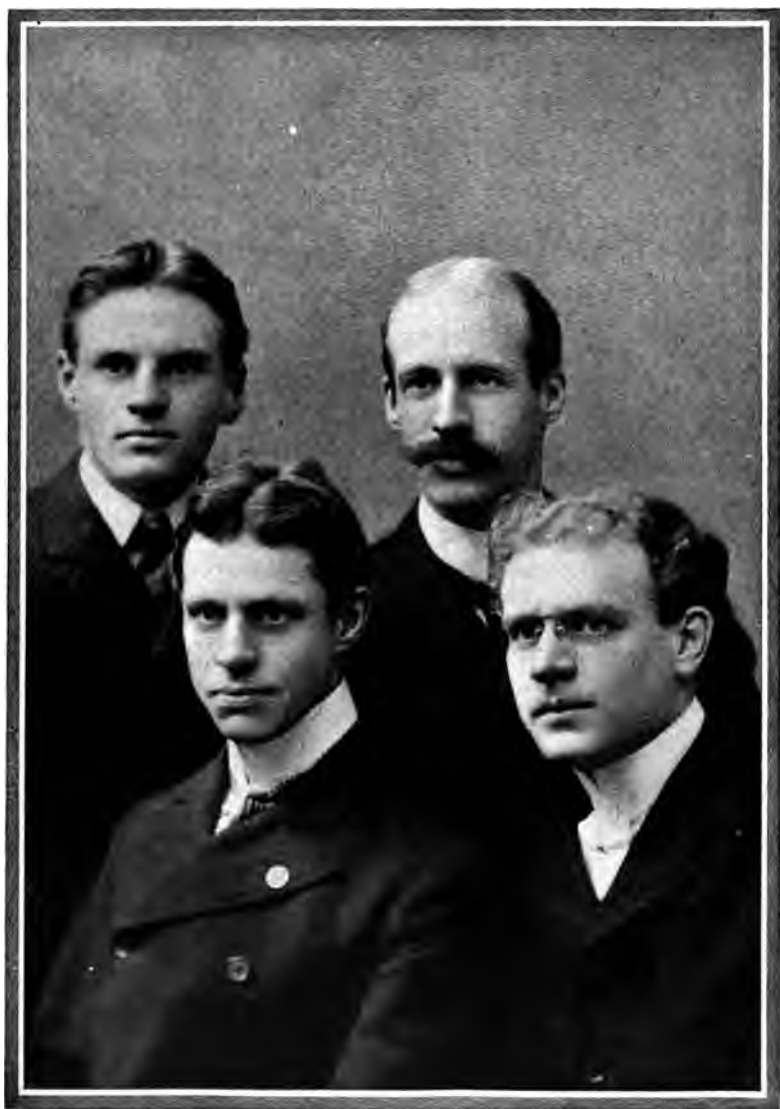
I like the man who sees his chance, and knows it when he sees; the man missioned to move, a motor with a heart, surcharged with pluck and power and thrill.

I like the man who stays afield, unwearied though in strife, a stranger to fear, a mighty faith force, yet held by prudence within correct bounds; a being wise, intent on deeds, and keen.

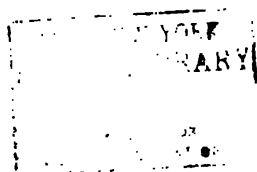
I like the man who knows his time, who keeps abreast his age, always alert, making his youth count twelve, and found far up the height ere yet his climbing power wanes.

I like the man oft energized and stirred by visions of an end, who knows the earth is not for age to keep, who lives to live for all he's worth, nor dies before his time, nor wishes time to end nor life to close; a man of sane, far-visioned, serious, eager spirit, just as sincere as he is ardent, and just as urgent as he is by purpose fixed.

Bulwer was right: "Earnestness is the best gift of mental power, and deficiency of heart is the cause of many men never becoming great."



ALL IN EARNEST



MIGHTY ACTORS

The strenuous life was lived before it was named. High-pressure characterizes all American activity. We work, we play, we think, we travel, we rest, and even worship at a tremendous rate of speed. We do not know how to go slow.

If accused of living too fast, we acknowledge the fact and then go on living faster. Everybody acts as if life depends on the action, whether it be to fill a hurry-up business order or to go on a vacation.

The truth is that we love activity and hard work. We want to be occupied and make it pay. When it pays well, we are restless until it pays better. Nothing satisfies us, not even satisfaction itself. We create new demands as fast as we meet them. It is a strenuous age.

Old-time gentlemen and ladies doted on the delights of leisure. Americans sing, "Blessed be work!" They are happiest who put most zest into life and sweat and fret under all sorts of obligations. To be beautifully idle is to know the quiteness of *ennui* and despondency.

In factory and field, office and store, shop and station, all pulses throb with anticipation, all nerves tingle at high tension, all brains turn and twist at high pressure, and all muscles move as rapidly as authority or sense of duty can compel them. We are a busy lot, men, women, and children, in this broad and marvelously complex arena of human life.

If it be said that money, not moral tone, is our spurring motive, we shall have to acknowledge the soft impeachment, or much of it, and then pitch in and make more money, leaving morals to be worked out when we get rich, or die. We are bound to be thoroughly used up before we die, and most of us want to live about ten lives before we are used up. If any man puts his whole force, the mass of his character, mind, heart, and soul into what he says and does, that man is the average American.

SWIFT THINKING

How fast can a man think? It depends upon the man.

One of the swiftest thinkers that ever lived was Jonathan Swift, of London.

Swift's brain was a live wire in every coil and twist, and thoughts flew from it in bunches like pellets fired from a repeating shot-gun.

One day he was out with Pope, the poet, and both agreed to note down the thoughts that came to them on the spot just as a fowler bags his game on the wing.

Here are a few of Swift's mental shots:

"Men of great valor are sometimes cowards to their wives."

"Men will not take warning. How can they be expected to take advice?"

"Elephants are always drawn smaller than life, fleas larger."

"In weeding out prejudice, some men eradicate their own virtue and religion."

"Time is the one preacher that compels people to heed what they have long vainly heard."

"The latter part of a wise man's life is taken up in curing the false opinions and follies of the former part."

And thus Swift went on pouring out ideas enough to fill a book.

His readiness in composing was freakish. "He could write well on a broomstick."

Most of his thoughts were vigorous, resembling "groans wrung from a strong man by torture."

He was witty in conversation, though sarcastic. When he and Addison got together "neither one wished for a third friend."

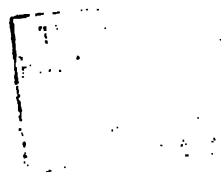
In the prime of his manhood he was a good-looking fellow, even if he did wear a gown and periwig.

His supreme fault was hopeless pessimism. He needed the cheer and comfort of a wife and home.

Near the close of his seventy-eight years, he became the



JONATHAN SWIFT



Life in Full Zest

picture of gloom. "Good-bye," he would say to a friend on parting, "I hope I shall never see you again!"

Thus the man noted for swift thinking passed away. This was nearly two hundred years ago, and the world has gotten along tolerably fast without him

TIP-TOP LIFE

If constructed rather quaintly,
Born to doing nothing faintly;
Act your nature. Laugh and labor.
Show excess in love of neighbor.

Be not cramped by niceties formal.
Keep your functions free and normal.
Work is lotion. Every motion
Tones and strengthens sane emotion.

When your thinking wheels are whirring,
Muscles, also, need some stirring.
Safety lies in sturdy action.
Exercise is thought attraction.

Let expression voice impression,
Keeping thus life's school in session.
Blood a bubbling; ideas doubling;
Keep despair and death from troubling.

SECRETS OF SUCCESS

The best single rule for success in any good undertaking is, Stick to it!

Not to stick to a good thing is the only real failure there is.

The hardest task ever undertaken does not seem so hard to him that sticks to it.

If you have a fair situation, stick to it; if you have none at all, stick to the search for it.

Be enthusiastic for things useful. Worthless things are not worth enthusiasm.

Never belittle your own life. Existence is mean only to the person who makes it so.

Never say fate is against me. Act as though the world had waited for your coming and expects you to do great things.

Do n't anticipate troubles. Care less for what may happen to you than for the happenings you may bring to others.

Never think that former times were better; they will not come back anyway, and if they did, they would only be in the way of better ones now.

Never dwell on fancied slights and wrongs. Pack your troubles out of other people's sight. If you must cry, cry alone and soon quit.

Never take offense when none is intended. Act as though you were born to be happy and will not allow any one to make you unhappy.

Never fly into a passion over trifles. Let your speech be low and smooth and it will lift you over high hills of difficulty.

Never boast of what you can do instead of doing it. One practical demonstration in aviation is worth a thousand balloon inflations.

Accustom yourself to doing disagreeable things in a delightful way. If you must turn people down, do it so delightfully that they will thank you for it.

Never make mountains out of molehills. Do not exaggerate

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at all. A normal mind enjoys normal words and has little respect for any others.

Be not easily discouraged. Credit yourself for honest effort, and then even a partial failure will nerve you for success next time.

NERVE

Some men lack talent, some lack grit;
Some lack desire to serve;
Some lack the chance to make a hit,
But more lack nerve.

They lack the nerve that will not quail
In grappling any wrong,
Nor in a crucial moment fail,
Though foes are strong.

The timid, hesitating man
Who sees his rival crowned
And then bemoans life's luckless plan,
Needs nerve around.

'T is nerve that steadies human aim
And turns the cords to steel;
'T is nerve that sets the zeal aflame
And wins the deal.

OWNERSHIP

The idea of possession touches a man where he lives. He likes to call things his own, and he never grows weary of acquirement.

A boy is likewise fascinated with the getting of things. His first wages, or his earliest profit in trade, enriches his heart even more than his purse.

Property in any form seems to wield a peculiar charm over human beings. The first fruits gathered by the ancients, the vast flocks, the treasured cave or tent, the crude utensils, the cherished springs or wells, the division of lands, all bespeak man's disposition to prize what he acquires.

So, too, the old wills, some of which were in poetic form, teach us that to gain possession of property and hand it down to legal heirs constituted no small part of the delights our forefathers knew.

No sooner had man acquired property than he began to issue liens upon it, and so mortgages, leases, and bonds were of old, as they are now, dominant features of industrial and commercial life, there being no limit to the extent of such coveted ownership.

The modern stock companies, with their gigantic capitalization, were, of course, unknown to the ancients, and perhaps the moderns would have been almost as happy if such monopolies as some of them are had never been invented.

Property is dear to man, not only because it assures him of a sustenance while he lives, but also because it is a safeguard to those he must leave behind him when he quits the earth.

Often, too, a peculiar delight is found in so shaping property values that they become a monument as well as a blessing to oncoming generations.

While the accumulation of property is in no sense a guarantee of character, it has been asserted that "there can be no development of character or any other good whatever, without property."



HIS FIRST PROFIT

17

To so shape property rights and the ambition of men to accumulate that the best interests of all may be in the highest degree conserved, is one of the problems now engaging the attention of civilization everywhere.

THE GRASPING MAN

The word "miser" is rarely used in these days, but his character is here in the person of the hard, greedy, grasping man who lives miserably for the sake of saving and increasing his hoard.

Possibly there are more men to-day who strive to accumulate big money than there are who merely seek to retain the small amount they have; but in spirit they are the same.

The grasping man is all around us, the gripping man is right among us; possibly thou art the man.

Yet, why do men grip their money so tightly? Surely there is no worse use to which it can be put.

Money hidden away in an old stocking, or buried in a box, or even stored in a vault, is doing nobody any good; it is lost to circulation.

Money is most useful when passing around. Currency is made light, and coins are made round, that they may circulate freely.

Money ought not to be tied up; it should be blessing somebody, or earning more.

Hoarded money shrivels the heart; better burn it up, for then the heart can not be set upon it.

Salting down money pickles the heart, making it hard and tough, like a cucumber in vinegar.

This is the reason why the close-fisted man is usually despised; he is too much shriveled up, heartless and pitiless, to deserve respect.

"Nothing in nature is so distant from God, so utterly opposite to Him both in character and ways, as a greedy gripping niggard."

EFFICIENCY

Efficiency is the power of producing effects, or of causing effects to be what they are. It is manifested in ways such as these:

1. To form the habit of concentration and of dauntless resolution.

2. To think out every problem carefully and then solve it thoroughly.

3. To be ready when opportunity comes and to make opportunity when it comes not.

4. To put heart into every undertaking and to undertake what you have heart for.

5. To do everything you undertake a little better than it was ever done before.

6. To make good rather than to make excuses, and to make ambition supply enthusiasm.

7. To render undivided service or none, and to care less what the service is than how it is performed.

8. A man passes for what he is worth, and he is worth just about what he brings to pass, or tries to do so.

9. If poets are born, not made, efficient persons are made, not born. Masters master themselves and then other things.

10. "Efficiency is measured in deeds, not in reasons why deeds are not performed." Apologies are the emptiest things on earth.

11. The man who lessens his limitations increases his efficiency; he can lessen his limitations by improving his hours of freedom.

12. There are many ways in which efficiency can be developed, such as controlling and centralizing the thoughts, voluntarily improving the methods of action, and cheerily, honestly, loyally, soberly, and diligently doing whatsoever the hands find to do.

THE MILLIONAIRE

O, if I were a millionaire,
How happy I should be!
I'd have a 'plane to soar in air,
A yacht to sail the sea.

I'd have a villa in the wood,
A mansion in the town;
I'd live in style, as rich men should,
And never sigh nor frown.

I'd live a life of perfect ease;
Be good to all my kind;
And, free from poverty's decrees,
Would boundless comfort find.

.
In course of time this wisher gained
His million-dollar goal;
But now corroding care had chained
The powers of his soul.

He had his yacht the sea to sail,
His 'plane the air to cleave;
But ugly ills were on his trail,
His withered heart to grieve.

His perfect ease proved constant pain;
His bounty ne'er appeared;
The fond ideas which racked his brain
No soul to him endeared.

He found small comfort in his wealth;
He oft indulged the sigh;
His worries undermined his health
And made him wish to die.

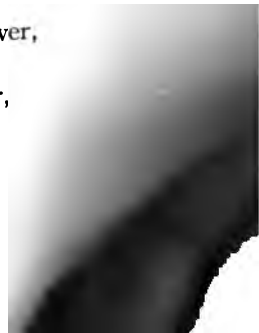


DAVID LIVINGSTONE

RICH WITHOUT MONEY

Alone, afar in jungle deep,
Where Christian foot ne'er trod,
A harvest home of souls to reap,
Goes forth the man of God.

No chartered rights, no civil power,
No grants of land to hold;
No titled name, no kingly dower,
No diamond mines or gold.



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What are his riches? Duty done,
A mission well performed;
For Afric's sons a victory won,
The world-heart thrilled and warmed.

What are his riches? Priceless fame,
Love bonds in every zone;
In wide research the peerless name
Of David Livingstone.

THE SPENDTHRIFT

The penurious man is one extreme, the spendthrift the other.
Both are abnormal.

The penurious man has money and craves more; the spendthrift do n't have money long, and craves it less.

The penurious man grows rich by seeming poor; the spendthrift grows poor by seeming rich.

The penurious man selfishly robs himself; the spendthrift selfishly robs his heirs.

The penurious man is strong in at least one line, that of shrewdness; the spendthrift is weak in all lines—he is next to the fool.

From time immemorial mankind has distrusted the spendthrift. Solon said, "If any man by prodigality squanders his own money, he can not be entrusted with the money of the State."

The spendthrift generally figures among the rich; poor people can not breed him—they have no means of training him.

OUR SACRED RIGHTS

Every man wants his rights. Some men want more than their rights. Many do not know what their rights are. A few contend that as to rights, individual, national, or epochal, there are no such things as rights.

But for purely human purposes, to enable men to live together in peace, there must be some sort of agreement; and through all the past there has been an almost incessant struggle to reach satisfactory conclusions as to just what rights each and every man may claim.

Men are brought into life without their leave, and must take their chances among others wherever they happen to find themselves. Those who wake up and find themselves amidst favorable environments usually prosper and have good times, while others less favorably situated languish and die.

But intelligent men, however they find themselves placed, generally find it necessary to come to some sort of an understanding with their fellows as to just what privileges and opportunities are to be theirs whether or no, so that all may live and none justly complain. The agreement they reach is called common right.

In theory, under this common right, every one is supposed to receive some good and to be protected equitably with the rest from avoidable evil.

This does not imply that all are to be reduced, or raised up, to a dead level as to social position and property value, although a few contend that these features are to an extent involved in it.

It is an old saying that variety is the spice of life, and it is certainly true that under most conditions social life is thus well spiced. Variation in all forms is endless.

And variation, too, seems to be inevitable. Nature herself sets the pattern. No two grains of wheat are alike. No two days of human experience are the same. No two persons have

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ever started out with the same endowments, or tendencies, or equipments, or capabilities, or ambitions and aspirations. Nature seems to intend variation.

The two great forces which unite to make man a progressive being are desire and necessity. These, humanly speaking, are the pillars of civilization. And these forces, however much the theorists would like to modify them, are always tending to produce variation in condition and achievement. No amount of agitation can ever mold into uniformity and absolute equality the practical results of these forces in operation.

Men may prate about the need of reconstruction in the social fabric, and wax warm in advocating the principles and beautiful theories of a contemplated redistribution of property interests, but they can not get away from, nor one step beyond, the indubitable fact that Nature has not constituted us all alike; or, even if she had, some would soon be bolting the likeness, kicking against the tendency and transforming themselves into endless oddities.

Men find fault with the system of competition now in vogue, and we must all admit that it has some bad features; but whether a system of contribution and distribution would in the long run work any better remains to be proved.

The assertion is often made that under the competitive system certain classes are privileged, and that per contra other classes are oppressed, but no certain way is ever pointed out how to eradicate from human nature the competitive principle. It is an inborn trait; it is man himself.

Under the competitive system some persons attain to a high degree of success while others fail, and then it is held by certain classes that society is to blame for the failure; but this ignores a primary truth, that success is always a matter of degree, and that experience in one period of life may prove to a man as valuable an asset as piles of gold or bonds.

To strive for legitimate success is the right of every man, but in the striving he must not go beyond the bound of the common good even though custom, sentiment, or law itself

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should bid him trespass. No man has the right to make of himself a privileged character to the hurt of others. Every right has its social bearings.

Once it was conceded that kings had divine rights, that is, the right to do as they pleased whether they pleased to do right or not. The modern spirit, however, has changed all this, and kings, like other people, are expected to live decently, to respect the rights of their subjects and to set noble examples in generosity and magnanimity. The world moves.

THE GOLDEN RULE

There is a cord whose every strand
Enfolds the whole wide earth;
No East or West in any land,
Nor any South or North.

It binds strong natures everywhere
In common love and weal;
Its vital force and tender care
The weak and poor must feel.

Let hands be joined; let hearts unite
This golden cord to tone,
That none may feel injustice blight
In any land or zone.

As ye from others always would
A mite of good receive,
So ye to others always should
A wealth of deference give.

RIGHTS NOT IDENTICAL

As to the notion that every man has, by virtue of his unasked existence on earth, an absolute right to the identical things of each and every kind that any other man has, it is plain that such an adjustment is in the very nature of things absolutely and forever impossible.

There are not enough of some desirable things to go around, and therefore some men must go without them.

There are a few—only a few—big diamonds in the world; and though very valuable, and to some very desirable, it is evident that only a few can have them.

But if there were enough big diamonds for each and all, it is manifest that some could not use them, others would soon lose them, and if so common, no one would prize them, and hence these peerless ornaments would be treated like stones in the highway.

It is our social organization that gives value to many things which men covet. Outside of necessities, it is talent, aptitude, adaptation, natural attraction, and sympathetic concession which determine possession, and these things can not be changed by legislation or individual choice—they are ingrained in the natural constitution of things.

There has never been a time in the world's history when men in general have proposed such a thing as identity of possession or privilege.

In the great historic documents which men of high and low degree have mutually supported as setting forth their inherent claims, the idea of identity has not appeared.

The same is true of the epochal movements and legal sanctions standing out in history like wells in a desert—they have helped to establish common rights, but have suggested no identity of interest.

In the English Magna Charta, which gave to all freemen the two main rights of civil society, *viz:* security from arbitrary imprisonment and from arbitrary spoliation, there was no hint

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of absolute sameness in every relation either as to property or privilege. It was simply conceded that a freeman could not be dispossessed of property or liberty without due process of law, and that if any had so suffered, his rights in these particulars were to be forthwith restored. This principle was also laid down: "We will sell to no man, we will not deny to any man, either justice or right."

In the declaration of American colonial rights made in the first Continental Congress (1774) there was no contention for privileges, rights, or immunities further than those laid down in the Magna Charta of King John, and these were claimed by the Colonists as "the free and natural-born subjects of England."

The same is true in the declaration of rights by Virginia (May 27, 1776). It was held only that "All men are by nature equally free, and are invested with inalienable rights—namely, the enjoyment of life, liberty, property, and the pursuit of happiness and safety." Nothing is said about equality otherwise.

The Declaration of Independence, adopted July 4, 1776, did scarcely more than to reaffirm these Colonial rights, and the same is true of the Constitution of the United States, though the latter document, being framed by and for the benefit of one race alone, has no bill of rights in it.

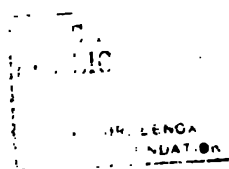
In the matter of universal human equality there has been some criticism rather than praise of that clause in the American Declaration of Independence which reads, "All men are created free and equal." What did the signers mean in saying that?

Certainly they did not mean that all men are equal in ability, strength, influence, or in possessions. They could only have meant that all men are equal in right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. There have always been, and always must be, gradations of life and work in America, distinctions in professions and positions, and in the recognition of fitness, skill, and power.

Free born Americans are assured of equality before the law, openness of opportunity, and of freedom to aspire to any position or available favor or possession—in a word, "the square deal;" but all Americans can not become the President of the



YOUNG AMERICA



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United States, or governor, or judge, or even millionaires. Nature and man by common consent set boundaries.

Here is the essence of true Americanism:

The rights of man to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness are inalienable and given of God.

The rights of man must not be trampled upon by any form of power, but must be regulated by just and legal procedure.

Government must rest upon the consent of the governed, and freedom must be safeguarded by law and order. The end of freedom is fair play for all.

People must be allowed to choose their own rulers. An open ballot and a fair count are imperative. The decisions of majorities must be respected until squarely reversed by the popular will.

Taxation without representation is tyranny. Burdens, privileges, and opportunities must be equalized, but conditions and estates can not be equalized by arbitrary force.

Liberty is a divine gift, and union a human necessity; but the selfish interests of persons, classes, and sections must be subordinated to the public welfare. Lawless violence is a crime.

A free State should set an example of virtue, sobriety, reverence, and honor, opposing oppression, encouraging progress, making it as easy as possible for people to be good, and as difficult as possible to be bad.

Patriotism is the highest style of true nobility. Our country first, last, and all the time. The consecration of the citizen himself, his property, his service, and, if need be, his life, to the existence and perpetuity of the State is a supreme duty.

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JUST WORK

Work is life's most normal plan;
Work puts worry under ban;
Work its own results doth scan;
Just work!

Work promoteth more than wealth;
Work is tonic for the health;
Work builds strength as if by stealth;
Just work!

Work will nerve the moral arm;
Work will keep a chap from harm;
Work life's griefs away will charm;
Just work!

Work is pastime for the free;
Work in earnest takes the fee;
Work and you will happy be;
Just work!

THE FITNESS OF THINGS

From many considerations it is plain that the expression "the common rights of men" does not, has never, and can not be made to include for every individual every value, every honor, every responsibility, every reward, and every advantage known to society, for common sense ordains that while men differ as they do in natural, moral, social, and business capacity there can be no such a thing as a common right of this character.

All men are not equally fit for all things. Nature has given to some of them a monopoly that can not be taken away. No lawyer can take from a fellow lawyer, like Daniel Webster, for instance, a preponderance of natural gift and legal ability, nor the rewards which flow from these things.

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No man can take from Thomas A. Edison his gift for invention, nor prevail upon others to take from him the emoluments which the common law accords to him.

Find fault with it as men may, Nature herself is the greatest of all monopoly builders, and the human monopolists are blamable chiefly because, unlike Nature, they abuse their gifts, or trusts. They go greedily beyond their needs, beyond the law, and beyond reason. It is the mission of men, in their onward progress, to correct the unreasonable and unlawful exactions of such greed.

Another phase of this question requires consideration. Human nature differs in individuals so much that distinctions and variations are inevitable.

Some men naturally take better advantage of their educational opportunities than others, and thus they attain to far better qualifications for a given work or responsibility than others do, thus gravitating naturally and by a sort of common consent into places of trust and prominence where the masses can not enter, and have no right to enter because they have not prepared themselves for it.

What right has a man of willful ignorance to become a college president?

What right has a natural coward, who has never sought to master his own defect, to assume to lead an army into battle?

What right has a confirmed thief to become the custodian of public funds?

What right has a lazy, shiftless loafer to demand the earnings of a hard worker?

Agitators may prate about equality until doomsday, but the common run of mankind will always recognize merit, acknowledge power, discern fitness and adaptation, and reward industry and honesty.

And then, too, in this country society is made up of many races, many shades of belief, many degrees of culture, many stages of advancement, and many phases of experience. Until human nature itself changes, these variations of development and condition will be practically recognized in the adjustment

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of duties and privileges. Men know that there can be no levels in this world which do not admit of prominences.

Can an unlettered immigrant just arrived in New York justly expect to be appointed pastor of a great church in that city?

Can an unwashed anarchist, fresh from the Old World, properly demand that the riches of a life-long, hard-working American shall immediately be transferred to him?

To ask such a question is to answer it. While men continue to reason they will continue to insist on the natural fitness and inevitable adjustment of all things.

The theoretic rights of a few men in a state of nature are wholly unlike the proper rights of many men in a condition of civil society. The customs of barbarism do not go in civilization. Progressive life has no place for primitive crudities. Fundamental changes are of slow development, but usually they are grounded in the deepest wisdom and soundest morality of advancing social life. No man in civilized society can regard his own preference and inclinations alone, but must subordinate them to the rules and usages of the governing hosts around him. In his natural propensities he must reckon with the demands and restriction of his associates.

If he have natural talents, he must use them in accordance with the directions and limitations of those he would serve. If he acquires property it must be under the laws which control property owners. Nothing is, or can be, secure to him except by legal title, and in all things he is bound as a moral agent to the relation he sustains to others.

If he take the property of another contrary to law, he is justly branded as a thief, and if he take the life of another without law he is denounced as a murderer. This status of our social life is the outgrowth of ages of the best teaching and most approved procedure, and it is unthinkable that revolutionary changes can occur while man's constitution remains as it is.

Men can not live in peace without law. The wiser the law, the more perfect the peace. No law has yet been developed

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under which men do not propose to punish the violators of law. Any law would be nothing but a rope of sand that would allow to the lawless all the freedom it accords to the law-abiding. Under it life would not be worth living, nor property worth the having. No law can endure the test of experience which does not seek to restrain the strong from oppressing the weak, the cunning from defrauding the simple, the blood-thirsty from destroying the harmless. But the maintenance of such a law involves the protection of those who keep the law in guaranteeing to them the just rewards of labor and the fruits of the helpful exercise of their faculties.

As well might wild beasts—lions, tigers, wolves, foxes—be turned loose among domesticated animals—cows, horses, sheep, and fowl—as for men of all passions, all propensities, all ambitions, all ideas of propriety to attempt to live together under the notion that every one has a natural right to everything within his reach or sight. Anarchy and chaos would mark the spot where such an experiment might be tried.

Brute beasts must be kept under man's law. The brute instinct in man must likewise be restrained.

It is necessary, however, in social restraints that force be tempered by justice, and justice be supplemented by charity.

The laws which enlightened men have enacted for the common good all recognize these principles, being based upon necessity and reason rather than upon passion and impulse.

Such laws may be modified and improved under the light of progress, but they are not likely to be displaced or abandoned while human nature remains as it is, even though the disobedient do sometimes enter their protest.

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LIVE AND LEARN

We live to learn, and learn by living;
We're born to give, and gain by giving;
A gift of thought, a small suggestion,
May throw bright light on some dark question.
The humblest souls are sometimes teachers.
Events themselves are brilliant preachers.
Our common life is fraught with knowledge
As forceful as that taught at college.
Our principles may be related
To vague emotions never stated.
The feeblest hint may aid the lever
That elevates to action clever.
Fit candidates are oft elected
By happenings quite unexpected.
The ready man may prove the winner
Of highest prize, though mere beginner.
He wins the most in fair existence
Who keeps his wits in keen persistence.
The wide-awake are foremost learners—
Rewards are given quick discerners.
Then live to learn, and learn by living.
Begin to give, and gain by giving.

BASIC LAWS

From time immemorial wise men have been seeking for noble and just principles to incorporate into their legal codes.

Up to date they seem to have discovered nothing more rudimentary, or more widely and heartily approved, than the great moral mandates so strangely given to mankind some three or four thousand years ago.

It is the consensus of accepted opinion that the Ten Commandments of Moses are, to say the least of them, far better

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life rules than the brute instincts of the tiger and swine, or even the natural longings and passionate propensities of men who scoff at moral codes.

There is scarcely a law upon the statute books of civilized States which does not in some way reflect the basic principles of the Mosaic teachings.

Critics may differ in opinion as to just how much Moses, or some other writer, may have had to do with the formulation of the Biblical code, but all men agree remarkably well that the code itself embodies much justice and wisdom.

This is true because the average man is conscious that the laws forbidding murder, robbery, uncleanness, irreverence, profanity, and false-witnessing are better rules to live by, because safer for all concerned, than the impulses of the greedy, the promptings of the avaricious, the demands of the covetous, or even the necessities of the unfortunate.

Common right under civil law is preferable to special privilege under barbaric conditions.

It therefore follows that when a member of enlightened society contends for unqualified natural right he is pleading for political revolution, if not for civil chaos. For the order which the wisdom of the ages has established he would substitute untried theories. For the fruits which men under centuries of regulated endeavor have garnered he would substitute the forbidding proposition of a new distribution.

Much is said in these days about the right of the producers of wealth to own and control all the wealth they produce. This will do when it is proved that none are producers of wealth except those who claim it all. Society in general appears to regard wealth as the product of labor, thrift, forethought, husbanding, self-denial, and other such elements.

Labor is capital in primary form. Capital is stored-up labor. Labor needs capital to assist it in rising above primitive conditions. Capital needs labor to make modern conditions as favorable as possible. Therefore labor and capital are complements of each other, and when they unite in turning out wealth they should be mutually rewarded.

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Laboring men err when they would arrogate to themselves all values. Capitalists also err when they fail to accord to labor its full reward. Both must make concessions and pull together in harmony.

The following principles as to the common rights of men in civil society are submitted for what they are worth:

1. Men have a right to demand from society an equally fair opportunity to serve according to capacity, natural or acquired, and reward commensurate with service.

2. Men have a right to expect full protection in the proper use and enjoyment of those things which, by industry, thrift, care, and economy they have gotten together.

3. Men have a right to esteem wealth for all it is worth, and to insist upon worth irrespective of wealth.

4. Men have a right to insist that neither wealth nor poverty shall make a man inhuman, nor exempt him from the duties of good citizenship, the claims of enlightened brotherhood, or the civilities of a well-ordered life.

5. Men have a right to propose that while all men can not be reduced to a dead level of ownership in property, or utilization of resources, nevertheless all should be leveled up to decent ideals and be placed above hopeless destitution.

6. Men have a right to require that all men shall so live as to be fit to live with, sober, civil, law-abiding, orderly, reasonable, charitable, and, above all, constructive rather than destructive.

7. Men have a right to proceed upon the principle that while corporations have no souls, all incorporators shall be honest, just, humane, considerate, and reasonable.

8. Men have a right to proclaim for ever and the day after the heraldic sentiment of the old Knights of Labor that "Injustice to one is the proper concern of all," and also the somewhat newer legend that "Equal and exact justice to all is a fitting ideal for every one."

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9. To sum up: Every man may claim the right to live a man's life, to have before him the possibility of coming to his own best, and the proper encouragement of that best by his fellow-men, and this not for his sake only, but also for the common good.

AN ELIXIR

Courting life is life sustaining;
Longing lengthens life remaining;
Vigor comes from up-and-getting;
Substance-gleaning lessens fretting.

Aspirations keep us going;
Love of harvest; zeal in sowing;
There's no vim in satisfaction;
Craving is the spring of action.

See that sturdy mountain-climber!
Eager, agile, wise old-timer;
Nerves in tension; muscles wiry;
Lo! he scales the eagle's eyrie.

Crowns wait not for idle dreamers;
There's no peak for valley screamers;
Get your wish with workers chiming;
Dry up sniffing; go to climbing.

Mount Life's engine, seize the lever,
Turn on steam and go on ever;
Look not backward, stay in motion—
Quitting is a dead man's notion.

HONOR

In popular conception honor in man means truth; in woman, purity; in both, or either, it is the distinguishing mark of a noble mind.

Honor aids and strengthens Virtue wherever it meets her, and it lauds and intensifies Integrity at every turn.

Honor springs from within, because it abides in the heart; it is not the outgrowth of ambition or the fruit of opinion.

In persons of character honor is held dearer than life; in self-respecting nations it is a primal governing principle. "That nation is worthless that will not, with pleasure, venture all for its honor."

Honor in man may be unstable and yet survive; in woman it is "as nice as ermine; it will not bear a soil."

True honor can stand the severest tests. It is as sound as marble. Probe deep and the solidity and whiteness are still there.

I've scanned the actions of his daily life
With all the industrious malice of a foe;
And nothing meets my eye but deeds of honor.

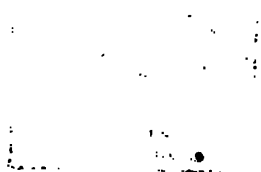
Messenger was asked to speak the height of honor, and he replied:

No man to offend,
Ne'er to reveal the secrets of a friend;
Rather to suffer than do a wrong;
To make the heart no stranger to the tongue;
Provok'd not to betray an enemy,
Nor eat his meat, I choke with flattery;
Blushless to tell wherefore I wear my scars,
Or for my conscience, or my country's wars;
To aim at just things; if we have wildly run
Into offenses—wish them all undone.
'T is poor in grief, for a wrong done to die,
Honor to dare to live, and satisfy.

An abiding sense of honor affords more real comfort and happiness to any man or woman than all the money or station or conquest that any unprincipled person ever won.



THE SOUL OF HONOR



PRINCIPLE

Every man should govern his life by principle, not by opinion or caprice.

Here are some bed-rock principles which can safely and happily be adopted:

1. I will look upon life as a mission worthy of my best skill and endeavor.
2. I will consider the condition of those around me and help those who need help.
3. As far as practicable I will aid in promoting all well-being.
4. As I have opportunity I will gladly serve all good causes.
5. In claims of right and duty I will respond promptly, even at a sacrifice.
6. In exercising my right of private judgment I will respect the rights of others.
7. In morality and religion I will keep a clean record, a clear conscience, and a forceful advance.
8. In private habits I will avoid vice, an irritable temper, hurtful talk, and pernicious practices.
9. In home life I will be companionable, faithful, provident, charitable, congenial, hospitable, and well contented.
10. In secret life I will do right, think purely, shun suspicion, suppress jealousy, overcome faults, and fear God.
11. In business affairs I will follow the golden rule, live and let live, neither defrauding, stealing, misrepresenting, nor concealing.
12. In public life I will be civil, sincere, pleasant, serviceable, setting a wholesome example, looking the devil in the face, and doing the square thing though dying on the spot.

WOMANLINESS

Alert, not light; and keen, not bold;
A character of purest gold;
Reserved, yet ready; warm in heart;
A lover of the lyric art;
A quick, discerning, thoughtful mind;
In conversation frank and kind;
A friend for once a friend for aye;
A faithful helpmeet, come what may.

Mature, not old; and wise, not wild;
As playful as a little child;
In touch with wisdom born of years;
Upheld by right, unmoved by fears;
God-trusting as life's strongest hold;
Peculiar-like, but self-controlled;
Adhering to the straightest path;
Devoid of secrets, guile, or wrath.

Well-poised, not proud; and firm, not vain;
A spirit of the finest strain;
A beauteous form, expressive face,
A flashing eye, a glance of grace,
A queenly bearing—nature's own—
A voice of cultivated tone,
A mother's tenderness expressed,
And as a mother, oft caressed.



CLASSIC WOMANHOOD

THE BARGAIN WITH SELF

People delight to make bargains *with* themselves, and these bargains are usually the best of bargains *for* themselves, providing for all sorts of indulgences at a cost which they imagine will be only nominal.

One person delights to indulge in questionable secret thoughts, and agrees with himself "never to tell, never," forgetful of the fact that as a man thinketh so is he, and usually the kind of a man he is is written in open letters upon his face. Such a bargain is a bad one; it gives away character.

Another person is prone to bad talking, his motive being to make his hearers laugh, or to pass himself off as jovial good fellow; and he thinks that his vulgarity is excusable because he agreed with himself that it should be "just for fun" and not to harm anybody; but he finds in the end that he has hurt himself, demoralized many, and perpetrated a life-long very bad bargain.

No matter what the bargain with self is, it always favors self both as to laxity in terms and the enforcement of penalties. All selfish people propose to get along in life without much penance or self-sacrifice.

Now, it never seems to occur to these selfish people that it is entirely inconsistent to excuse in themselves what they roundly denounce in others, for that which they condemn in others as vice can not be virtue in themselves, however fondly they may dream of escaping punishment. Public sentiment, if nothing more, will mete out to them deserved wrath.

Some one makes the point that "self-love is more cunning than the most cunning man in the world." So it is, and any man who yields to it inordinately is sure to be defeated in the game of life.

Self-love is the greatest of flatterers, and is never sincere enough to tell the truth, even though peril awaits the self-delusion. The selfish man is his own most merciless enemy.

"Do you want to know the person against whom you have most reason to guard yourself? Look in the mirror and see him."

Every Life A Delight

There is on record the case of a man who "pleased not himself," but he thereby brought into the world greater possibilities of pleasure to others than all the self-seeking characters that have lived since Adam and Eve partook of the forbidden fruit and destroyed their own happiness.

THE CRAVING FOR NEWS

Hunger gives eagerness to the appetite and relish to the taste.

Hunger for news is an inborn trait developed into an insatiable passion.

The questions which spring oftenest to human lips are these: What is the news? What has happened? What's going on?

These queries in all their varied forms begin in babyhood, strengthen in childhood, intensify in youth, and become insatiable in adult life.

The little boy with his new story or secret to tell has his counterpart in the grown person with a newspaper.

The news ! our morning, noon, and evening cry,
Day after day repeats it till we die.
For this the cit, the critic, and the fop,
Dally the hour away in tonsor's shop;
For this the gossip takes her daily route,
And wears your threshold and your patience out;
For this we leave the parson in the lurch,
And pause to prattle on our way to church;
E'en when some coffin'd friend we gather round,
We ask, "What news?"—then lay him in the ground.

And what a mighty agency has been established for the dissemination of news! All lands abound with it. Every city and hamlet have it. That would be a slow and sleepy neighborhood which has no newspaper.

It is chronicled that a French physician first projected a regular printed newspaper. He had found his professional visits



SOMETHING NEW

Life in Full Zest

so welcome whenever he had any news or gossip that he applied to Cardinal Richelieu for a patent to publish the *Paris Gazette*, in 1622.

But there had been written sheets of news distributed long before that time, and in Nuremberg as early as 1457 there had been a daily record circulated, though no copy of it has been preserved.

The first American newspaper was published in Boston, September 25, 1690. It was called *Public Occurrences*, and was devoted to "truth, conscience, and religion."

It seems like a pity that the thousands of newspapers founded since that time have not adhered a little more closely to the original pattern; at least, had they not magnified so much the follies, vices, and miseries of the multitudes, society would have been the gainer.

AS YOU TAKE THEM

The experiences of life are about as you take them. A hard knock is a lay-out to some, and a bracing-up to others.

Life is a training school. Disaster, misfortune, fatigue, and exposure are the teachers. Kicks, cuffs, and blows are the textbooks.

Commencement day arrives only when we quit the school. We take our diploma along as a voucher in the great beyond.

It is remarkable how differently the students view the discipline. Some get angry and pout. Some give up and cry. Others stand up and conquer. Happy they who emerge as masters.

Different are the ways of looking at things. Here are illustrations:

Raindrop the first: "Always chill, chill, and wet, tossed by the wind, devoured by the sea." Rain-drop second: "Aha! The sun kissed me, the flower caught me, the fields blessed me."

Brook the first: "Struck by the rock, dashed off the mill-

Every Life A Delight

wheel." Brook the second: "I sang the miller to sleep. I ground the grist. O this gay somersault over the wheel!"

Horse the first: "Pull! pull! pull! This tugging in the traces, and laying back in the breechings, and standing at a post with a sharp wind hanging icicles to my nostrils." Horse the second gives a horse laugh: "A useful life I have been permitted to lead. See that corn! I helped break the sod and run out the furrows. On a starlight night I filled the ravines and mountains with the voice of jingling bells and the laugh of the sleigh-riding party. Then to have the children throw in an extra quart at my call, and have Jane pat me on the nose and say, 'Poor (?) Charlie.' To bound along with an arched neck, and flaring eye, and clattering hoof, and hear people say, 'There goes a two-forty.'"

Bird the first: "Weary of migration. No one to pay me for my song. Only here to be shot at." Bird the second: "I have the banquet of a thousand wheatfields, cup of the lily to drink out of, aisle of the forest to walk in, Mount Washington under foot, and a continent at a glance."

You see how much depends on the way you look at things.



THE HAPPY-THOUGHT AUTO

THE NEW

SHIC LIE

NEW YORK

NEW YORK

PART SECOND
LIFE'S MORNING GLEE

O, let the children romp and play!
Life's springtime soon will pass away.
In beautiful innocence and cheer
Let flowers bloom around them here.



"INNOCENT AND SWEET"

SWEET INNOCENCE

Of all the people on earth at any one time, a large proportion of them are innocent children.

These children are clean-minded, pure-hearted, and as harmless and playful as lambs. They charm our firesides, soften our hardships, enliven our associations, inspirit our undertakings, and help so much in making life beautiful.

Children usually have good manners. They seldom need to be criticised. With better adult models, most of them would turn out better.

Some one said, "Boys will be boys." He forgot to add, "Boys will be men," and should have added, "Most boys are chips off the old blocks."

Children are usually happy little creatures. They have no

Every Life A Delight

forebodings, no disturbing memories, and usually no severe struggle for existence.

"Where children are, there is the golden age;" and when the golden age comes in for good, those who enjoy it most will be in moral character very much like little children.

THE PLEASED CHILD

Let me but speak to please the child
A word of gladness, sane and mild;
His little heart is undefiled—
Mark that bright smile!

Let me but act the child to please,
And place his little soul at ease,
Nor plague him harshly, tempt, or tease,
Much less defile.

Let me but share, in manlike grace,
The innocence of that sweet face,
Nor after hurtful phantoms chase
In wretched guile.



"That Bright Smile"

DELIGHTFUL LITTLE TRAITS

Here are some little traits of character which make childhood, as well as adult life, attractive and beautiful:

1. To do right always. No king could do better.
2. To cheer up somebody. This is princely.
3. To be content with little. The essence of wisdom.
4. To become strong. Weakness is never a virtue.
5. To forge ahead. No pigmy is excusable who might become a giant.
6. To conquer one's own spirit. Self-mastery is the supreme science.
7. To put vim and vigor into action. There is no surer way of becoming somebody.
8. To help those who need it. This dissipates clouds from other brows and reflects light on our own.
9. To be good-natured. One who is not born with a sweet temper and learns to control the one he has reaches a climax in philosophy.
10. To talk lively when depressed. Melancholy yields to cheerfulness. Glum silence is a prison cell for the sour-hearted.
11. To correct one's own faults. This is simple shrewdness, for a fault detracts from influence and subtracts from capital.
12. To keep troubles to self. This is neighborliness. Many a man would leap over a precipice to escape a bore.
13. To watch one's own steps. This is to put on a life preserver. No road is so smooth as to be without pitfalls.
14. To look on the sunny side. This preserves the eyesight. We like to see bright pictures, but it strains the eyes to discern them in the shadows.

SELF-HELP HINTS

Extract profit from every experience.

Forgive all faults except your own.

Keep your tongue short and your hand long.

To be truly rich, do not crave more than you need.

Think of ease, but work on. God hates a quitter.

Speak well of your friend; of your enemy say nothing.

Be always on guard, but let no man know it.

You are not poor while you have strength to work, and a good chance.

To do no good while living is to invite a beast-like death.

No man is as good as he ought to be who does not wish to become better.

Well begun is half-done, but pride in the finish is a big help.

Live in a worry, die in a hurry. Fret is only another name for a shroud.

Prosperity is a generous man's friend, but a selfish man's worst enemy.

Few die of hunger, many of surfeits. The mouth is Death's favorite door.

To tell less than you know is wisdom. To say what you should is courage.

To trust to the spur of the occasion is folly. Occasion does not make spurs.

A large part of virtue is to refuse to learn bad things for the sake of knowing them.

The excesses of youth are drafts upon age, payable with usury about thirty-five years after date.



THE STRAWSTACK TOBOGGAN

FUN ALIVE

Down the strawstack, here we go!
Fun more lively none can know.
Heels uplifted, hands in air,
How the chance of Fate we dare!
Sliding! Gliding! Sakes alive!
How we youngsters grow and thrive!
Climbing nimbly to the top,
Just to feel another drop.
Down the strawstack glide in glee,
Having fun alive are we!
Do n't you wish yourself a child,
Just to have this pleasure wild?



HAPPY BROTHERS

LAUGH AND LIVE LONG

Laughter promotes health. Every hearty laugh adds a moment to life.

Laughing aids digestion. A good shake of the sides is a better dissolver of food than a dyspeptic tablet.

Laughter is the soul's health, moroseness is its poison. One tear of joy outweighs a thousand tears of grief.

Good humor is life's clear blue sky, ill humor its clouds and darkness.

The blackest and most utterly lost of all days is that in which you have not once smiled.

In the house a good laugh is sunshine, and in the social circle it is a fine article of dress. No one is so slouchily arrayed as the cynic.

Life's Morning Glee

Next to a soul-stirring prayer is a genuine laugh, and it would not be surprising if the parsons of the future were required to be free from dyspepsia before being ordained.

Good humor is possible in any situation if only there be a humorist to expose it. Sadness has often succumbed to satire.

Litigation has its funny aspects. The lawyer noted for wit is generally a winner. He turns the gravest law-suits into gay dress-suits.

John Bunyan allowed that "Some things are of that nature as to make one's fancy choke while his heart doth ache." Choking with merriment is preferable to heart disease.

Excess of laughter, like excess of food, is in poor taste, but if the former excess can cure the latter, then success to it.

BEING SATISFIED.

To be normally satisfied in life we must first of all make the best of things which are beyond our control, and we must never indulge in longing for what is unattainable or worthless.

We must also be strong to endure pain, or disappointment, or affliction, taking the things of life as they come, or as we may be able to mold them.

It is likewise helpful to look for good in all things and try to do our best whether thanked for it or not.

Real satisfaction is from within. It is quickness of the spirit to grasp elusive joys before they can escape and counting one's lot as good enough, even though not quite as favorable as some one's else.

Satisfaction belongs to us for the taking; a little here, a little there, through effort, growth, sacrifice, and noble bearing, expecting the best and preparing ourselves for it.

Look for goodness, look for gladness;
You will meet them all the while;
If you bring a smiling visage
To the glass, you'll meet a smile.

Every Life A Delight

You can not be satisfied with yourself or the world if you become reckless, or wasteful, or dissipated, or vicious. You must be somebody and contribute something to life.

Rectitude is the greater satisfier of the heart.

The best sermon any man can write is simply to be what he wishes others to become.

"The good alone are great." This old adage endures the test of time. Bad men may be notorious; rich men may be powerful; talented men may be famous, but the morally square men are monumental.

Character is the indispensable condition of delight. Without it the happiest angel would become a miserable devil.

To do something for others every day, even though a very little thing, is a good habit to form. It will help to enlarge your sympathies and your knowledge of social conditions.

To seek for something decidedly cheery and beautiful every day is another fine little practice. It may be only a flower to see, a kind word to hear, a bright thought to consider, but such acquisitions help much to enrich the mentality and to increase the capacity for happiness.

Then, to add a mite to memory's store is a wise procedure. Commit to heart a striking motto, a radiant epigram, a beautiful verse, or a helpful phrase and you will be laying by wealth for the future. Some day when you are ill, or sad, or lonely, or in suffering, or dying, these memorized passages will come back to you like whispers of peace and good cheer from the sweetest hours of your lifetime.



A RICH CROP

GREAT LITTLE HEARTS

In the orchard fruits abound,
Limbs are loaded to the ground;
Hatless children, bare of feet,
Theirs the joy to pluck and eat.

Now they're sated, and away
Go the urchins, blithe and gay,
Basket loaded! What a lift!
Tender lifters! What a gift!

See the brilliant sunshine glint!
See the pretty faces squint!
Sunshine-hearted, bless the dears!
Give those burden-bearers cheers!

TRUST

What is stronger than a lion?

In their own way, three things are stronger than a lion, innocence, love, and trust.

"He is armed without who is innocent within." "No breastplate is stronger than a heart untainted."

The innocence of children often counts for their deliverance. Even savage beasts seem to realize that the tenderness of children entitles them to protection.

The little daughter of a lion-tamer was once known to step up to a huge lion that had escaped from his cage and pat his jaws while the beast showed no sign of displeasure.

Love, too, is stronger than a lion. Saul and Jonathan were "lovely and pleasant in their lives," and they "were stronger than lions." Love can brave any danger and overcome any obstacle. It is energy on fire and nerve in extreme tension.

Trust is also stronger than a lion. The trusting Daniel found himself delivered from a den full of the mighty beasts, and thousands of the worthies of old through trust "shut the mouths of lions."

Human nature loves to be trusted. God insists upon being trusted. It is sweeter to be trusted than to be loved, though both usually go together.

It is duty to trust God though you can not trace Him. Look to the bow in the cloud when you can not discover His face in the blackness of the cloud itself.

"How calmly," says Richter, "may we commit ourselves to the hands of Him who bears up the world."

"Though He slay me," said Job, "yet will I trust in Him." It is better to be slain while trusting than to withhold our trust and be slain.

On His promise I rely,
Trust in an Almighty Lord;
Sure to win the victory,
For He hath spoke the word.



INNOCENCE AND PROWESS

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KINDNESS

Be kind to thy father! Be kind to thy mother! Be kind to thy neighbor, thy sister and brother!

Kindness is more than poetry. It is the heart of humanity, the very life-blood of society, a spirit akin to heaven.

For the unkind there is no heaven, no love, no tenderness, and little respect.

Kindness is friendship in action, love in demonstration, grace in practice, and pure sympathy enshrined.

Kindness implies natural good will and acquired good habit; it is sunshine in the disposition and melting warmth in the conduct.

Kindness is benignity on fire, compassion in normal tone, and tenderness in rightful solution.

Kindness is the language which the blind can read, the deaf can hear, the dumb can speak, the lame can walk in, the poor can rejoice in, the rich can find pleasure in, and which even fools can master.

No dying man was ever known to lament a kindness, but many have expressed regret for their severities.

Kindness is the errand upon which angels fly; it is the trait which moved the heart of God. "His merciful kindness is great toward us."

Kindness is the supreme theme of Israel's poet laureate: "I have not concealed Thy loving-kindness." "Thy loving-kindness is better than life." "I will praise Thy name for Thy loving-kindness."

Kindness is sweet to receive, and sweeter still to give; moreover, it is "the honey that blunts the sting of unkindness in another."

Kindness is the cheapest of all things, and yet the most valuable. It constitutes what can not be bought with gold, *viz*: a character that ever shines with undimmed luster.

THE CHARMING FLOWERS

Ever since man began his existence on earth the flowers have bloomed along his path to charm his eye and fill the air with fragrance.

King Solomon in his highest glory was stirred to call attention to "the rose of Sharon" and "the lily of the valley," and also to hail the season when "flowers appear on the earth."

He was even observant enough to note a bride's remark about her beloved: "His cheeks are as a bed of spices, as sweet flowers; his lips like lilies."

All this shows that the ancients, like ourselves, appreciated bloom and brightness. Had Mrs. Hemans lived when Solomon reigned she might have sang for his subjects as she did for us—

They speak of hope to the fainting heart,
With a voice of promise they come and part;
They sleep in dust through the wintry hours;
They break forth in glory—bring flowers, bright flowers.

The flowers are of too great variety even to name here, but the old favorites always please us. There is the rose, praised by both Homer and Hesiod. The wild varieties seem to have bloomed everywhere.

The common rose was carried from Holland into England as long ago as 1522, and the moss rose in 1596. The China and Japan roses were introduced there in 1790.

The yellow rose came from Persia. The damask rose was brought from Southern Europe by a physician to Henry VIII.

Legend says that the rose is a symbol of secrecy. The ancients hung it over their banqueting tables to indicate that words uttered there were not to be repeated outside, hence the expression *sub-rosa*, under the rose.

The lily has always been about as much of a favorite as the rose. "Consider the lilies." Royalty gloried in the lily. France adopted it as her emblematic flower. Gethsemane was aflame with it. The story runs that in the presence of the sorrowing



WILD ROSES

Life's Morning Glee

Master, while other flowers were gay, the lilies bowed their heads in sympathy, while each little bell was full of penitent tears.

The violet, too, is richly loved. It was Shakespeare's favorite—

Violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes.

Then there is the daisy, a short word for "day's eye," abounding with love signs. It is told that "girls pull off the white petals of the daisy one by one, saying with the first, 'He loves me,' and with the second, 'He loves me not;,' and then they think that their fate in love will be like the words spoken with the last petal."

The tulip must also be mentioned. It is a native of the Levant, and first came into wide notice in 1559. The Europeans went wild over it, paying fabulous prices (six thousand dollars in one case) for single bulbs. The price was finally limited by government action.

The dahlia can not be ignored. It came from Mexico. Humboldt carried it to Europe in 1790. A Swedish botanist named Dahl engaged in its cultivation, and the flower took its name from him.

America claims the nativity of another favorite, the fuchsia, though it got its name in Europe. A German professor named Fuchs visited this country in the sixteenth century and took home a plant of this species, which was then and there named after him.

Persia boasts of being the home of the lilac, but Europe has known it for at least three hundred years.

The same little land claims the jessamine, though it was taken to England in 1500. The yellow variety was taken from India in 1656.

So much for the flowers, "nature's jewels," "love's truest language," "the sweetest things that God ever made and forgot to put a soul into."

Following are a few of the sentiments associated with

Every Life A Delight

flowers: Roses, white and red together, unity; yellow rose, jealousy; cabbage rose, ambassador of love; white rose, "I am worthy of you;" pansy, thoughts, "you occupy my thought;" sweet peas, departure; red tulip, declaration of love; yellow tulip, hopeless love; blue violet, faithfulness; white violet, modesty, innocence; forget-me-not, true love; red or pink geranium, preference; ivy, friendship, fidelity; lily of the valley, return of happiness, unconscious sweetness; apple blossom, preference; buttercup, ingratitude, childishness; four-leaved clover, be mine; white daisy, innocence; daffodil, chivalry; white chrysanthemum, truth; yellow chrysanthemum, slighted love; scarlet geranium, comforting; heliotrope, devotion, faithfulness; purple lilac, first emotions of love; marigold, grief; red poppy, consolation; evening primrose, inconstancy; early primrose, youth and sadness; white rosebud, girlhood; snowdrop, hope, consolation; water lily, purity of heart.

BOYS AND TOYS

Boys can not be made too happy nor too well satisfied with life. Good affections grow in the sunshine of warm encouragement.

The boy is father of the man. As the boy starts, as a rule, so will the man turn out.

The play of the boy is the beginning of many an industry. That little fellow absorbed with his toy-boat will make a great ship-builder yet. I like the looks of him. He is a poor man's son and has no purchased toys; but he has a good mind, is well-behaved, and skillful enough to make his own toys.

Boys do well who make their own wagons, sleds, and ships. The toys they buy may look prettier, but those they make help to develop their skill.

Boys who make their own toys are very apt in after years to make their own fortunes.

The happiest boy I ever knew was one who had found a pair of old rusty skate-blades, and, with a broken saw, jack-

Life's Morning Glee

knife, and hand-gimlet as his only utensils, had set the blades in rude oak foot-pieces, attached some straps and buckles, and, fastening the skates to his feet, went sailing over the glare ice of the lake near his father's home.

Give the boys a good chance, teach them to work as well as play, do n't curb them except as to positive vice, direct them in their best tendencies, and the men of the next generation are almost sure to be quite as good citizens and as capable members of society as those of the present time.



AN ABSORBING PASTIME



FULL ARMED FOR CHRISTMAS

HOLIDAY OF THE HEART

Greeting to Christmas,
 Beautiful scene!
 Crown it with holly
 And evergreen!
 Light up the candles,
 Hang up the balls,
 Fasten the ribbons,
 Tie on the dolls.
 Call in the children,
 Ask them to share

Everything playful,
 Jubilant, rare.
 This is the season
 Brightest and best,
 Happiest, holiest,
 Fullest of zest.
 Welcome to Christmas!
 Relish its art!
 Crown it the holiday
 Dear to the heart!



"MERRY CHRISTMAS"

OLD SANTA

'T is Christmas eve. Good-night! Good-night!
Old Santa roams the earth to-night.
His gentle tread no ear may hear.
His burly form no child should fear.
His jingling bells should soothe our rest
As off he goes, now East, now West.
He finds the dreamers, misses none,
And fills their stockings, every one.

'T is Christmas morn! Awake! Awake!
The slumber from thine eyelids shake!
Old Santa with his bounteous store
Has satisfied thy wish and more!
Aha! Aha! What beaming eyes!
What wonder vast! What sweet surprise!
No such delight through all the year
As comes with Santa's Christmas cheer.



"NOW, WE 'LL CATCH SANTA"

CATCHING SANTA

Now we'll catch Santa—he surely is here;
They said that ere morning he could but appear;
So while we were sleeping, with whiskers of gray,
He must have come in here with reindeer and sleigh.

I wonder where is he, and why is he still?
On sight I will ask him to speak if he will.
Now hurry! we'll catch him in that room or this!
O, won't it be jolly to give him a kiss!

Why do we not find him? Perhaps it's too late;
I thought I heard some one go out at the gate. .
We'll go to bed longer, and sleep if we can;
Like enough we shall dream of the Santa Claus man.



JUNE ROSES

SUNSHINE AT THE DOOR

Winter's cold and Spring are o'er;
Roses blooming at the door;
Laughing sunshine streaming in;
Children drinking health again.

Every Life A Delight

Pluck the roses while they last,
While their fragrance sweet they cast.
Catch the sunshine while you may,
Blessing our dear home to-day.

Flowers and children, both in bloom,
Bringing gladness, chasing gloom!
O, the children! O, the flowers!
O, what happy hearts are ours!

PRESENCE OF MIND

To acquire presence of mind in time of danger is a secret of life enrichment. Not to lose the wits, not to be so flurried as to forget what to do, or to proceed to do the wrong thing, is an accomplishment of rare value.

Persons who are calm and thoughtful even in the presence of death are the ones who achieve results which are gratifying to memory.

A Boston lady whose husband was afflicted with nightmare was one night awakened by a noise, and to her horror saw her husband sitting up in bed saying in a whisper, "Now I have him; he can't escape!" and pointing his pistol at an imaginary burglar. His finger was on the trigger, and he was aiming directly at the head of the baby in the cradle.

Quick as lightning, but in a low tone, his wife said, "Too low! Aim higher!" He raised the pistol, she snatched it from his hand, and the danger was over. Was n't that a feat worth while?

Several years ago, in the city of New York, a manufacturing establishment where several hundred employees of all ages were busily engaged was discovered by a boy of twelve to be in flames. Instead of yelling fire, as an excitable nature would have done, the boy went to the foreman and whispered to him his discovery. In five minutes the working people were dismissed,

Life's Morning Glee

and it was not until they had reached the street that they learned from what peril they had escaped. A panic under the conditions of those days would inevitably have resulted in great loss of life.

Self-control is an admirable quality, find it when and where you may. Sometimes it saves life, sometimes it exhibits a picture of courage ever beautiful to look upon.

In a Connecticut factory a boy, aged ten, was caught by the hand in the belt of a revolving wheel. The machinery was stopped, but the boy's hand and arm were terribly mutilated. During the number of minutes required to loosen the strap the little fellow hung suspended by the torn arm. Yet he uttered no outcry, only speaking to say again and again: "Do n't worry, father! Do n't worry! It will all be right in a minute." What man would n't be proud to be the father of such a boy as that?

WORDS THAT WIN

Words express thoughts. Sometimes they express more, or less, than the speaker intends. They need to be carefully chosen.

Bad words have wrought more havoc than battle, murder, and sudden death. They trickle through the ear and brain into the heart, causing moral cancers, malignant ulcers, and other incurable maladies. They are more potent for harm than plagues and pestilence.

There are words which sting deeper than swords and bayonets can pierce, which cut out hearts quicker than a butcher's knife, which burn and poison as they accomplish their deadly work.

No infernal machine is more dangerous than "the last word." One would better fight for the possession of a lighted bomb-shell than to insist upon it. It has separated more married people than crime and disease put together.

Every Life A Delight

Good words are like sunbeams in the springtime. They thaw the ice and snow, draw out the frost, warm up the people, and make them doff their heavy raiment. They usher in the summer. They win the rich harvests.

All words should be winning words, full of sunshine and warmth, shedding benedictions like showers upon the mead, causing growth and blossoming and fruitage. Harsh speeches are like March winds—they send the shivers up the back, cause doors to close, create irritations, retard development, and balk the natural order of things.

Give us the words that win, that are wings of good action; soft words that turn away wrath; wise words that none can gainsay; pleasing words that engender smiles; apt words that calm tumults, heal wounds, cure melancholy, and set the blood to bounding in channels of thrift, progress, and delight.

Speak not many words, lest you repel and confuse. Speak strong and bright words that win respect, dispel the haze and clear the whole atmosphere. Life has no study more urgent and important than the use of words.

Winning words woo the world.

WORDS THAT REPEL

Except the brain, the tongue is the best part of a man's body, and yet it may become the worst.

The hand can kindle literal fire, but the tongue can stir the fire of hell.

"The tongue is but three inches long, yet it can kill a man six feet high."

The word of a judge, or king, may deprive a man of life. Those little words, "Yes" or "No," may send big armies to battle.

Life's Morning Glee

The tongue is mastered only by the brain, and it often requires the biggest kind of a fight for the latter to win.

The tongue may be profane, and George Washington said that profanity is so contemptible that no gentleman is ever guilty of it.

The tongue can be obscene, and General Grant once checked the narrator of a foul story by reminding him that gentlemen were present.

The tongue can bear false witness, and all the great and good men of earth condemn that. The lying accuser has no friend.

Here are rules for keeping the tongue in check:

1. Think to yourself before you speak to others.
2. Speak of things, not persons, unless in kindness.
3. Shrink from contact with evil speakers. You can find better associates.
4. Recall at night any bad utterances of the day, and vow to do better the next day.
5. Impose a fine upon yourself for slips of the tongue. Give the money to some newsboy or a worthy person in need. The cure will soon be complete.

GOOD RESOLUTIONS

Except good deeds, there is no better crop to sow than good resolutions. They may not all yield a harvest, but those that do may pay well.

To a certain extent, one can be as good as he resolves to be, for "a good intention clothes itself with power."

To determine upon a good thing is a help toward achieving it. Pride stimulates one to the best endeavor. No one likes to

Every Life A Delight

fail, and none will fail who says, with Sir Philip Sidney, "Either I will find a way, or I will make one."

Good resolutions are supposed to belong to New Year Day, but they are better on the last day of the year than not at all.

They are also better when, from experience, they are found needful. If a good resolution is broken, the next best one is to resolve to mend the break. This calls for strengthened purpose.

Here are a few resolutions written by an irascible person for guidance in home life:

1. I will not be provoking if I know it.
2. I will not be provoked if I can help it.
3. I will not be petty, fussy, nor sensitive.
4. I will heed advice when good, and give it when asked for.
5. I will not insist on my own way when another may be as good, or better.
6. If I make a mistake, I will try to profit by it while keeping it to myself.
7. I will keep my nerves in the best possible shape, and avoid peevishness and anger.
8. On a hot topic, having said what I must, I will drop it, and will not play with fire.
9. If I get hurt, I will not show the wound to everybody, lest taking off the bandage make it worse. I will let it heal.
10. When I find myself in error or wrong, I will get out of it by the shortest possible route; and when I reach the next fork in the road, I will make sure that I am right, then go ahead.



A POLITE HOSTESS

A RICH REPAST

Supper is ready now; I'll pour the tea.
Dolly is seated so nicely by me.
I'll be the mistress tall, you be the guest;
Talking and eating, too, each do his best.

You call it practicing; I call it real;
Old people never know how children feel.
Never can living babe my dolly beat;
Never was grown-up's food better to eat.

On with the feasting, please; fill up your cup;
Open your lips again, now have a sup!
There, supper's over now; poured is the tea,
Dolly is tired out, waiting for me.

NATURE'S BEAUTIES

And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

To enjoy Nature one must have an eye to her beauty, an ear open to her music, and a soul alive to her glories.

"To an attentive eye," says Emerson, "each moment of the year has its own beauty; and in the same field it beholds every hour a picture that was never seen before, and shall never be seen again. The heavens change every moment and reflect their glory or gloom on the plains beneath."

We may not each have the eye of an Emerson, but to most of us Nature is alive with charms, and this spirit is growing upon us more and more.

How delightful is the early summer when the trees are in new leaf, the flowers blooming, the air full of scent, and sound, and sunshine, and the song of birds is filling the woods with native melody!

How we love to see the meadows sprout, the wheatfields flash their emerald, the lawns take on their velvety hue, the buds open, the bees hum their joy, the farmer alive to the sowing, and all Nature arrayed in resurrection dress!

The richness of life in America is wonderful. The summer-time is the heaven of the year. The roar of lake or ocean is an invitation to her friendly shores. The rivers run to meet us and give welcome to their cottage-dotted banks. We long for the rest and zest of summer homes and the simple life. Not that we dislike the cities, for they teem with historical interest and busy engagements; but we like in turn the open air, the wider view, the novel association, and the pleasant relaxation.

The meanest floweret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To us are opening paradise.



DRESSED IN BEAUTY

Life's Morning Glee

It is said that many savage nations worship trees; and little wonder, for who has not felt the mystery and majesty of the forest, the might of the giant oak or elm or pine, and the seeming disposition of the smaller trees and clinging vines to whisper to us and tell us of their delight in our presence and their appreciation of our love for their beauty?

Most of us probably feel, with Jefferies, that "By day or by night, summer or winter, beneath trees the heart feels nearer to that depth of life which the far sky means. The rest of spirit found only in beauty, ideal and pure, comes there because the distance seems within touch of thought."

Water adds its enlivenment to woods, and both are necessary to complete a pretty landscape, while fleecy clouds overhead in sky serene add beauty to the artistic glow.

How many of us realize the impressive power of color, not so much the flashing, brilliant hues as the modified tones—the dull gray, the pale blue, the rich brown, the deep green—as seen in the average nature sketch! It is as if Nature and God intended that we should be literally charmed into rest and soothed into slumber whenever, as in our summer-time, we put off our strenuous cares and draw near to Nature's heart.

And, adding to this tendency to find rest, mingled with delight is the habit Nature has of putting on her most gorgeous robes at the setting of the sun and the coming of the night. The orb of day is a blaze of glory now. The low-hanging clouds are flakes of scarlet fringed with gold. The shifting view tarries but a moment, but its impression lasts for a lifetime.

"How glorious the firmament
With living sapphires! Hesperus that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw."



EXPECTATION



REALIZATION

A TWOFOLD JOY

A lot of pleasure can be found
In just expecting something nice;
And then, when it has come around,
'T is quite like drinking pleasure twice.

Anticipating is a boon,
While realizing quite beguiles;
The former puts the heart in tune,
The latter wreathes the face in smiles.



"THE LAUGH IS IN HIM"

THE TICKLED BOY

Of all delighted folks on earth,
Give me the tickled boy;
His face reflects the heart of mirth,
His laugh is bubbling joy.
No horse's laugh rings from his throat,
His is the genuine quill;
His giggle on the air doth float
Like splash of rippling rill.

The laugh is in him. He is it,
A bunch of compressed glee;
While laughing he no more can quit
Than water quit the sea.
Nor do we wish it. Gold is gold;
There is no purer joy
Than such as his two sides doth hold,
That selfsame tickled boy.

THE COMPANIONSHIP OF BOOKS

Books are friends; silent, it is true, yet faithful, and always at hand for service.

All round the room my silent servants wait,
My friends in every season, bright and dim,
Angels and Seraphim
Come down and murmur to me, sweet and low,
And spirits of the skies all come and go
Early and late.

The only trouble with books as friends is that the crowd of them has become very great. Careful discrimination is necessary in order to secure the best.

Books of the right quality are a guide in youth and an entertainment in age. They cheer us when alone, and support us when dreary.

O for a booke and a shady nooke,
Eythir in doore or out,
With the grene leaves whispering overhead
Or the streete cryes all about;
Where I maie reade all at my ease,
Both of the newe and old;
For a jolly goode booke whereon to looke
Is better to me than golde.

—*Old English Song.*

Books are for loving. Everything follows in the wake of love. When Henry Ward Beecher was asked why he bought a farm up the Hudson, he replied, "To lie down on." He loved the out-of-doors, and his reply was characteristic and unmistakable. His first relation to his farm was one of happiness. To pat the neck of a horse or to fondle a book means to have arrived on a plateau of love, and the goal of achievement is near, whether it be horsemanship or literature. The only key to the treasures of literature is unfeigned love.

Some books are to be tasted, others to be chewed and digested. None can be always enjoyed, for we are not always

Life's Morning Glee

book-hungry. Books, like living friends, have their own times and seasons.

One nice feature of books is that they are never asleep and never otherwise engaged. Approach them when you will, interrogate them as you please, they will conceal nothing, never show impatience, never laugh at your ignorance, nor refuse you any instruction they can give.

"He that loveth a book will never want a faithful friend, a wholesome counselor, a cheerful companion, an effectual comforter. By study, by reading, by thinking, one may innocently divert and pleasantly entertain himself; as in all weathers, so in all fortunes."

Books are like friends in another way: if first-class, they can not last too long; if worthless, you can not get rid of them too soon.



THE LIBRARY CORNER



READING BY FIRELIGHT

A BOY'S LIBERTY

Down on the parlor rug, close by the fire,
Glancing at picture books I never tire;
Old folks may talk away, let me be still,
Or let me caper and play as I will.

Childhood will pass away, now be it mine;
Evening my holiday, sundown till nine;
Knowing no weariness, aching, or smart,
Facing the fire-glow, light in my heart.



"AH KNOWS YOU WOULD N'T STEAL"

DAT WATERMILLION

Whar yo get dat watermillion, little nigger Sam?
 Whar yo bin a foragin' my blessed black-sheep lam'?
 Ah spects yo buy'd it, dough, all right—ah knows yo would n't
 steal;

Ah's glad yo got it hones'ly—how proud it makes ma feel!

Dat is a good big million, too; jus' han' it here to me;
 Dere'll be a slice for ebery one, an' mebbe two or three;
 Dat watermillion's worth a lot—we'll hab a mighty feast;
 'T will fill us up and save de meal, a poun' or two, at least.

Ah tinks dese millions would n't grow if colo'd folks was gone—
 Dey're low-down truck, and nary good to keep de white trash on;
 Dey grows for dem what tinks dem nice, and dat is such as we;
 Ah'd like to eat 'em all de time, if dey was ripe and free.

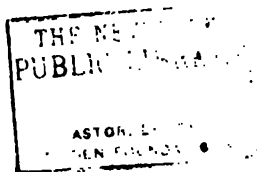
So, Sam, go get annodder one jus' whar yo gadered dis,
 An pay dem well and tell 'em, too, it gibs yo daddie bliss;
 Ah specs yo'll bring one ebery morn before de sun has ris'n,
 An keep de owner's pocket-book wid hones' coin a siz'n.

LIFE'S TRUE WINE

To taste of joy without alloy
 Is real sweet;
Full joy to gain without a pain
 Is rarer treat;
To realize a wish full size
 Is mental food;
To capture bliss without a miss
 Speaks aptitude;
To store the mind with feeling kind
 Is solid sense;
To plan a gift, or helpful lift,
 Has recompense;
To draw the heart from vice apart
 Is worth a mine;
To strike a gait in living straight
 Is life's true wine.



DAY DREAMING



PART THIRD
HAPPY INSPIRATIONS

MAN spends his cash good times to find—
He travels far and near;
To overlook, he is inclined.
Good times at home, I fear.
Good times are ours here and now;
Let us appreciate!
To seize upon them let us vow,
And keep them at our gate.

HAPPINESS



None Happier

Thou askest, "What is happiness?"
I will tell thee.

Happiness is sunshine of the heart;
It is the soul's illumination, the light
That flashes from the radiant throne
Of all Eternal Good. It is
The atmosphere of angels blest;
A beam of heavenly radiance lent
To our poor darkened earth.

Happiness is inward sweetness rare.
It is the flower of love distilled.
'T is friendship in its highest cast.
'T is faith and hope and real worth combined.

'T is what we want, and now might have,
And sometimes taste, and wish for more.
'T is self at best, and self in growth,
In warmth and wisdom and serene success.

Happiness is what we mean to be.
We see the picture painted on the sky.
It glows in pigments mixed by grace
And spread in rainbow hues,
By spirits ministering to our needs
And urging to perfection in
The art of going on.

Happiness is contentment in our place.
It is discovered geniality. It is peace
In action and in work performed. It is
Preparation for a higher round
Of effort in a proven sphere. It is
A mission undertaken and, in measure,
Proceeding to its crown.

And is there more? If so,
I seize it all and calmly use it well
As seasoning in the sweetened cup
Of earthly bliss attained.

SECRETS OF HAPPINESS

In seeking any kind of pleasure, remember there are limitations to all things, even the capacity for happiness.

God made all men for happiness, but not for that alone; there is a happiness of duty as well as a duty of happiness.

"The greatest good of the greatest number" is a very good life motto; but those who will not accept it should at least contribute in some degree to the happiness of others.

Some think we should not seek happiness at all, but simply well being; then real happiness is sure to be the sequel.

If the pleasures of life are allowed to rule, they are very likely sooner or later to hand us over to sorrow; a better plan is to live nobly and let joys come as they will.

Few people seem to realize what a wonderful privilege it is to live at all, enjoying as we do so many good things—the beauties and glories of the Universe, the privilege of making ourselves all that we wish to be, and the power to rise superior to difficulty, pain, and grief, securing peace and plenty in boundless measure.

St. Bernard uncovered a secret when he observed, "Nothing can work me damage except myself; the harm that I sustain I carry about with me, and never am a real sufferer but by my own fault."

A man is his own star,
Our acts our angels are,
For good or ill.

Much of what people call evil is good in disguise; all that they need to do is to turn it to account and make the best of it. Thus pain is a warning of danger. Grief may prove a tonic to strength. To use all things wisely is man's most valuable treasure.

A human being does not really need much. He that is not content with little is content with nothing. Seneca said that more than we use is more than we need, and only a burden to the bearer.

HOME, SWEET HOME

One stormy evening in October, in the reign of King Louis of France, about seven years after Napoleon had been defeated at Waterloo, a penniless young American was wandering about in the streets of Paris looking for a night's lodging. His name was John Howard Payne.

In the gay French capital just at that time there was prejudice against Englishmen on account of the Wellington victory, and also some antipathy against Americans because they spoke only the English language.

This friendless young American, footsore and hungry, who had just lost his situation as a play-actor in Drury Lane Theater, London, had been for hours seeking employment in Paris, looking upon its palaces and pleasures, and reminded by frequent rebuffs of his helplessness and loneliness, began to think of his childhood and the sweetness of his boyhood life.

At length, passing by a humble dwelling, he chanced to discern through the window the outline of a warm home scene—a father, mother, and children sitting in the lamp-light, happy in each other's love.

"Ah!" said the poor actor, with tears in his eyes, "there's no place like home!" and the words repeated themselves in his mind again and again.

Suddenly remembering that on another street an English theater manager was quartered temporarily while seeking new plays, he sought him out, all the time repeating in song-like tone the refrain, "There's no place like home."

By the time he reached the manager's room the refrain had become a finished melody, and the outcast was chanting to himself, though yet in rude form, the wonderful words which were soon destined to stir the world.

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the sky seems to carry us there,
Which, seek through the world, is not met with elsewhere
Home! Home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home, there's no place like home.

Every Life A Delight

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;
O, give me my lowly thatched cottage again;
The birds singing gayly that came at my call—
Give me them with the peace of mind dearer than all.
Home! Home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home, there's no place like home!

Persons of sense, such as Mr. Payne was, know a good thing when they find it, and the destitute young actor realized that out of his dreary experience he had hatched a bit of music and sentiment which would redound to his account.

He soon conceived the idea of a play, "Clari, the Maid of Milan," and incorporated his song in it. The piece was produced at Covent Garden Theater in 1823, with music by Sir Henry Bishop.

Few stage successes have ever been greater. Payne received \$1,250 for it, and three hundred thousand copies of "Home, Sweet Home" were sold within a year.

Yet Payne never found a home for himself. He was born in a little cottage on the outskirts of New York in 1791, went to London at the age of twenty-one, produced his song at the age of thirty-two, continued his wanderings over the earth until the age of sixty-one, and died at Tunis, North Africa, in 1852. For several years he had been serving as United States consul in that city, so that even in death he was an "exile from home."

In 1882 a philanthropist of Washington, the late W. W. Corcoran, had the poet's body removed to the capital of the United States, believing this to be the proper place for the remains of the author of "Home, Sweet Home."

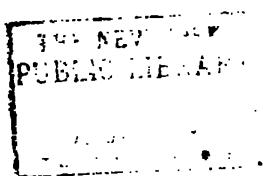
In 1883 a monument was erected to his memory.

The inscriptions on the shaft are simple. The front bears the name, dates of birth and death, etc. On the reverse side is carved the following quatrain:

Sure, when thy gentle spirit fled
To realms beyond the azure dome,
With arms outstretched, God's angel said,
"Welcome to Heaven's 'Home, Sweet Home.'"



THE OLD HOME ON THE HILL





THE OLD WELL

THE OLD WELL

I want a drink from the dear old well
And of its valued service tell.

The well was deep and curbed with stone,
And tapped a fountain all its own;
It never failed, though streams went dry,
To quench the thirst of passersby.
The children came from near and far,
By morning light and evening star,
With pails and pitchers queer and old
To bear away the water cold.

Every Life A Delight

The right to draw was ne'er refused,
Nor was that right by one misused.
Through long decades the dear old well
Maintained its virtues sweet to tell.

I wonder now, since far I've strolled,
Could I but quaff those waters cold
And hear the windlass, greased with soap,
Wind up the rust-browed chain and rope.
Would greetings be the same as then?
Would voices sound the same as when
Those boys and girls from far and near
Drew up the water cold and clear?

Would they? Well, yes, they would, I think;
At any rate, I want that drink.

THE HAPPIEST THOUGHT

What is the happiest thought you ever knew?
When was the sweetest breath you ever drew?
Was it in your babyhood,
When, as every baby should,
You saw your mother bending o'er,
As often she had done before,
And recognized her loving smile,
Returning it in baby style,
And heard her gleefully exclaim,
As tenderly she spoke your name,
"O, baby laughed; dear baby laughed!"
While from your neck she kisses quaffed?
Was that the happiest thought you ever knew?
Was that the sweetest breath you ever drew?

Happy Inspirations

Or was your thought much happier later on,
The moment sweeter far than any gone,
 When, in your bright maturity,
 With vowed and pledged security,
 You called your loved one then your own,
 A king or queen upon the throne
 Of wedded bliss; no more to part,
 But each the other's hand and heart?
 O union sweet! O bond divine!
 O light of God on thee and thine!
 What benedictions breathed by friend!
 What promised rapture without end!
Was that the happiest thought you ever knew?
Was then the sweetest breath you ever drew?

Or have you now the happiest thought of all?
And is your present breath the sweetest you recall?
 Have you attained amenity,
 A satisfied serenity,
 Of aim and wish and hope fulfilled,
 The goal of all you ever willed?
 Are prospects good for calm old age,
 With plentitude for every stage?
 Are friends around you warm and true?
 Upholding you in what you do?
 Abounding, buoyant, glorious life,
 Complacence-filled and free from strife?
This happiest thought to you I would bequeath;
This sweetest breath this moment yours to breathe.

DELIGHT AT HOME

Home should be a place of supreme delight. It is there we spend most of our time; it is there we refresh ourselves with food and rest; it is there we find the endless varieties of pleasure known to earth; it is there that the most holy joy of humanity, that of parents in their children, becomes a sweet realization. Nature multiplies the delights of home. The recurrence of the seasons—spring, summer, autumn, winter—gives unceasing variations in landscape views, foliage tints, climatic changes, and domestic activities, so that the dwellers at home have a taste, if not a satiety, in all that is beautiful, wholesome, and entertaining in the round of the years.

The great sun, too, in his daily round, furnishes a succession of delightful views in never-ending variety. As Ruskin says: "There is not a moment of any day of our lives when Nature is not producing scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, and working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty, that it is quite certain it is all done for us, and intended for our perpetual pleasure."

Nor does beauty end with the day. Night has its own attractions—the silvery moon, the twinkling stars, the silent air, the dewy freshness without, and the cheery atmosphere, brilliant illumination, and glowing warmth within, all tending, as the hours of evening pass and the need of rest is felt, to make us repeat the refrain, as true as it is old, "There is no place like home."

Outside fall the snowflakes lightly;
Through the night loud raves the storm;
In my room the fire glows brightly,
And 't is cozy, silent, warm.

And this leads to say that the chief delights of home are within its doors, where the old family clock is ticking off the



THE DEAR OLD SONGS

100

Happy Inspirations

hours and the loved children are engaging in their pastimes of games, music, conversation, or silent reverie.

Sweet is the smile of home, the mutual look,
When hearts are of each other sure;
Sweet all the joys that crowd the household nook,
The haunt of all affections pure.

BEAUTY IN SONG

A beautiful spirit was Jenny Lind, once the star vocalist of the world. She was born in Stockholm, Sweden, and from earliest infancy charmed people with her song.

When ten years old she sang upon the public stage.

At the age of twelve her voice became harsh, probably from over-use, and for four years she remained in obscurity; then suddenly she appeared again upon the stage with a voice of greater purity and volume than before.

At the age of twenty-three she sang at the opening of the Opera House, Berlin, and from that time forth her fame was as wide as the world. She visited Vienna, Paris, London, and other great cities of Europe, exciting the wildest sensation wherever her voice was heard.

In September, 1850, she came to America. New York first paid her tribute. Tickets for her concert were put up at auction, and the choice for the best seat sold for several hundred dollars. The total proceeds amounted to ten thousand dollars, and she gave her share of it to charitable causes.

In every other city she visited she awakened similar enthusiasm. At Wheeling, W. Va., she created a furore. The people hung about her hotel and thronged the halls in the hope of catching even the remotest strain of her voice. Among these were two hard-working men who pressed near the door of her room, which was not locked; and one of them, in placing his ear close to the key-hole, accidentally opened the door and fell sprawling in to Jenny Lind's presence.

Every Life A Delight

The songster was sitting at the piano, and lifted her eyes quickly in astonishment. Displeasure gathered upon her features. But the intruder, being quick of tongue, sprang to his feet, begged pardon, and made explanation. She smiled, and being convinced that mere admiration had gotten him into the dilemma, she invited him and his comrade to come in and be seated. She would sing for them. And she did. Expressions of thanks followed, and great was the sensation created in the city by the event.

There is a stage-driver's story of Jenny Lind which speaks the beauty of her heart. She was riding in the country when a bird of brilliant plumage perched on a wayside tree began to trill out such a complication of sweet notes as astonished her.

She stopped the coach, and reaching out, gave one of her finest roulades. The beautiful creature arched his head on one side, and listened deferentially; then, as if to excel his famous rival, raised his graceful throat and poured forth a song of rippling melody that made Jenny clap her hands in ecstasy, and quickly, as if before a critical audience in Castle Garden, she gave some Tyrolean mountain strains that set the echoes flying, whereupon little birdie took it up and sang and trilled till Jenny, in rapturous delight, acknowledged that the pretty woodland warbler had decidedly outcaroled the Swedish nightingale.

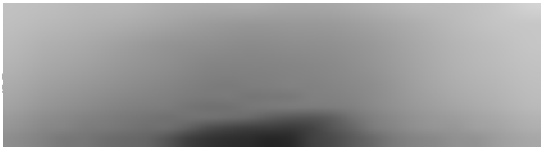
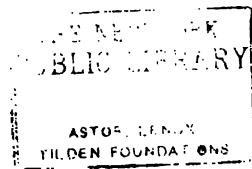
DEVOTEDNESS

I like that word, devotedness, an earnest, fervid flame,
And fitly it applies to her whose praises I proclaim;
She always thinks of other folk, and never tires out
In doing all she can to bring their happiness about.

A party here, a meeting there, a dainty note or word,
Keep all her myriad of friends by pleasant feeling stirred;
They're very much attached to her, and she in turn to them;
Were anybody crowned their queen, she'd get the diadem.



"I LIKE THAT WORD, DEVOTEDNESS, BECAUSE IT
MIRRORS HER"



Happy Inspirations

The proofs of her devotedness have long been manifest;
The witnesses are all around in neighbor, friend, and guest;
The evidence is tangible, substantial, too, and clear,
That she a special mission serves in fostering good cheer.

A consecrated soul is she, her purpose is to bless;
Her zeal is always laudable—as warm as yours, I guess;
No one has ever said of her, She fails in action true,
Nor in fidelity to those whose joy she keeps in view.

I like that word, devotedness, because it mirrors her;
It speaks her loving thoughtfulness, her constant social stir;
She thinks of you, and me sometimes, and never tires out
In doing all she can to bring our happiness about.

SOLID COMFORT

I asked a man to tell me true what solid comfort is,
Explaining it in other lives, and seeking it in his.
He answered quick, with knowing wink, "I've thought the
subject o'er;
'T is having what you long have wished, and going after more."

I asked another his idea, a sober sort of man;
Reputed to be logical—one of the teaching clan.
He spoke in intellectual tone, and with a beaming eye,
"'T is getting at the root of things, to know the reason why."

Interrogating in his turn an officer of law,
Quite practical, and not disposed to raise a man of straw.
His candid words came home with force; he spoke with honest
face—
"'T is doing as you ought to do, and staying in your place."

Every Life A Delight

Not weary yet, I opened fire upon a stranger near;
He had a pleasant bearing, and his countenance was clear.
His brief reply impressed me much, as kindly look he cast—
“T is being all you should be and improving very fast.”

Then next I quizzed a man well known, and well-to-do, they
said;
He'd won success, gained wisdom, too, and bore a level head.
His answer came in lively strain, with knowledge fresh im-
bued—
“T is giving oft to those in need, and feeling gratitude.”

At length a woman's reason I demurely sought to gain,
And with a woman's readiness she answered clear and sane:
“My solid comfort is to see my home in order placed;
My husband and my children, too, with worthy honors
graced.”

Which of these notions crowns the list is not for me to find;
A hundred others might be had, each excellent in kind;
But as for me, let comfort come in occupation's glow,
And in a close communion with the dearest heart I know.

THOUGHTFULNESS

Refreshing in the fuss and whirl
Of social life with blue and pink
To find one plain, good-natured girl
Who seldom says, “I did n't think!”

Refreshing to be served by her
In common round of food and drink,
And never once hear her refer
To this excuse, “I did n't think!”



IN THOUGHTFUL MOOD



Happy Inspirations

In serious life, supreme affairs,
She causes not one heart to sink
By saying, "Under stress of cares
I did not and I could not think!"

No one e'er finds her off her guard;
No one can say, with knowing wink,
"It's bad; it's sad; it's very hard;
But then, you know, she did n't think!"

Put down my word, in her bright brain
You will not find a missing link
To prompt that old and worn refrain—
"I'm sorry, but I did n't think!"

RECREATIONS IN SCIENCE

All sciences are not exact, but all are interesting; and the study of them tends to enrich life.

Astronomy is, perhaps, the only exact science, and certainly its exactness is a marvelous thing.

Think of determining to a mile the distance of the sun or moon or planets or fixed stars from this our earth!

Think of predicting to a second the time of an eclipse, solar or lunar, and of foretelling hundreds of years ahead the moment when a comet will again swing its fiery tail within the range of human vision!

The science which does these things is sublime, and there are other sciences which unfold to us facts of equal interest.

No science is dry, difficult, or prosaic when undertaken by a mind adapted to it, and in the right spirit; though, of course, technical scientific works are supposed to be for experts.

One great advantage in scientific study is that it not only charms us by its wonderful interest, but it directs us in the wise conduct of life. It quickens the faculty of observation, the

Every Life A Delight

power of generalization, and the mental habit of arranging things accurately.

It leads people to trace the sequence of cause and effect, familiarizes them with the best thought, brings them in touch with scholarly minds, makes them feel surer of their ground, and gives them a broader grasp and insight.

Next to high moral ideals, the world owes its progress chiefly to scientific study.

Some inventions and discoveries are accidental, but more of them are not; and the practical utility of those that are is owing in large degree to the persistent application of scientific principles.

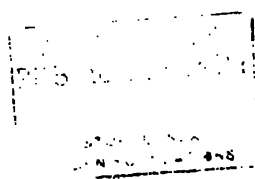
Then, viewing life as a great game in which skill and wisdom may determine the outcome, how important it is that we know the rules, acquire knowledge of the moves, understand the advantages to be gained, and prepare ourselves to enjoy the triumph.

As Professor Huxley once said: "Life is a game which has been played for untold ages, every man and woman of us being one of the two players in a game of his or her own. The chess-board is the world, the pieces are the phenomena of the universe, the rules of the game are what we call the laws of Nature. The player on the other side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always fair, just, and patient. But we also know, to our cost, that he never overlooks a mistake or makes the smallest allowance for ignorance. To the man who plays well the highest stakes are paid, with the sort of overflowing generosity which with the strong shows delight in strength. And one who plays ill is checkmated—without haste, but without remorse."

Science is of the highest value in overcoming false theories as to health and sanitation, the treatment of disease and epidemics, the driving away of superstitions and degrading beliefs, and the uplifting of mankind in general intelligence and progress. There can be no question that men of science, like the ministers of religion, have helped greatly in reforming the world.



THE LOVE OF PROGRESS



Happy Inspirations

Men are too apt to forget how much society is indebted to science for the innumerable benefits it has contributed from time immemorial to the little affairs of everyday life. Happenings which were once considered ominous are now accepted as natural. Developments once attributed to witches and resented to the point of death now awaken no concern or even wonder. Things once deemed hurtful as foods are now used with impunity and gladness, while other things once esteemed are now discarded.

Medicine is not the uncertain science it once was. Experimentation upon human beings was once as common as biological speculation, but more scientific methods now bring more satisfactory results.

It is true that medical theories diametrically opposed to each other are still in vogue, but it is also true that many which were once doubtful have now come to be established in popular favor, while some practices, like that of bleeding, have been almost wholly discarded and driven out.

Just in proportion as common people take up scientific studies, finding recreation in demonstration and investigation, will the practical errors which have cursed mankind disappear, and safer and saner modes of life be adopted.

As in the Church an educated laity compels pulpit efficiency, so in all other departments of thought and progress a wise people will drive the experts and specialists to more accurate conclusions.

Happily, the people are studying, and will do so yet more in the future. Their reading circles will multiply and enlarge until they take in all sciences, all philosophies, and all departments of literature.

What will be the status of popular thought in a hundred years from now? Would n't you like to live to see? Discoveries innumerable, marvelous, and fruitful will be made, and the boy at the plow will then know more of science than the old philosopher now.



PEACE

AT PEACE

Peaceful people live in peace. It is the quarrelsome who quarrel.

Quarrels are no proof of courage. The brave are peaceable as long as they can be.

Peace is man's natural state. War is an after intrusion, and a blot on manhood.

Peace usually reigns where reason rules. Men get insanely mad and then fight.

Blessed is the man who does not fight! Not because he has no fight in him, but because he will not let it out.

Nothing is much easier than to provoke unto wrath, and nothing more difficult than to appease wrath once provoked.

A serious offense once given is hard to take back, and once taken, is hard to overcome.

An enemy once made is not easily transformed into a friend. Man has a memory.

Happy Inspirations

After offending any one, you may explain and apologize, defend your attitude, and even prove that you were right; but that offense will rankle, and the trace of it may never be eradicated.

A mental hurt is very much like a physical malady, it gets into the blood and fiber, and may crop out any time.

Better not to offend anybody, least of all the peaceably inclined. Better to eradicate from your own constitution the stuff that gives offense, such as envy, avarice, pride, and anger.

Quit your meanness. Conquer the propensity for conquest, and suffer wrong rather than do wrong.

Do n't be ruled by that absurdity, "I will not let anybody run over me!" If you do n't run over yourself, no one else is likely to try it.

DIFFIDENCE

Diffidence is not counted a virtue; sometimes it is a serious drawback, and always an embarrassment.

George Washington was a diffident man. He was brave—he could face an enemy; but when required to speak in public, or even before a few friends, he trembled like a leaf.

Once he was thanked in glowing terms for the distinguished military service he had rendered his country, but on rising to acknowledge the tribute, he was so disconcerted as to be unable to articulate a word distinctly. The gentleman presiding relieved him of his embarrassment by saying:

"Sit down, Mr. Washington; your modesty equals your valor, and that surpasses the power of any language that I possess."

When John Adams hinted that Washington should be promoted to be a general, and began to recite his praises, Washington showed his diffidence by darting into another room.

When inaugurated as President of the United States he was, according to Macaulay, "agitated and embarrassed more than ever he had been by the leveled cannon or pointed musket. He

Every Life A Delight

trembled, and several times could scarce make out to read his speech."

But Washington had a humorous vein in his make-up, and this frequently helped him out. He was never too ill at ease to be pleasant, or to show himself the gentleman.



THE TORN GLOVES

Once, at Fort Cumberland, immediately after the defeat of Braddock, he was told of a report that he himself had been killed and had made his dying speech.

Seizing a pen and summoning a messenger, he hurriedly wrote a note and sent it to his brother (John Augustine), saying:

"I take this early opportunity to contradict the circumstantial account of my death, and to assure you that I have not yet composed my dying speech."

On another occasion, hearing complaints as to the sufferings of the Revolutionary armies because of the lack of money, he wrote that "the army had contracted to such an extent the

Happy Inspirations

habit of existing without money that it would be injurious to it to introduce any different custom."

Thus this great man, who was always in the public eye, and always occupied with grave problems, could find ways of being genteel, mildly humorous, and always thoughtful of the happiness of others.

Washington had a tender regard for children, and was never too hard-pressed to show them appropriate attention. The case of Priscilla, the tavern-keeper's daughter at Andover, is a case in point. She was a neat and tidy child, and on courageously approaching him, he smiled, took her on his knee, chatted with her merrily, allowed her to mend his torn gloves, and on parting kissed her.

They talked together for a space,
And then she said demurely
She would be glad that very morn
To mend his riding gloves so torn;
They needed patches surely.

And that she did, so neatly, too,
That when the coach was starting,
He called her to him, ere he went—
The great beloved President—
And kissed her cheeks in parting.



A MODEST SPIRIT

Of all the conspicuous characters of English literature, Joseph Addison was perhaps the most diffident, shrinking, and modest, though his portrait hardly suggests this.

Addison was not a public speaker, and he never hurried to get his own writings into print. Indeed, some of his very best literary work was long withheld from press.

This is a remarkable fact, too, for Addison was one of the finest essayists that ever lived. Lord Macaulay considered his poorest work "as good as the best of his coadjutors."

Even in matters commonplace Addison could say striking things. "If," said he, "we divide the life of most men into twenty parts, we shall find that at least nineteen of them are mere gaps and chasms, filled with neither pleasure nor business."

"Half the misery of life," he averred, "would be extinguished if men would alleviate the general curse they lie under, by mutual offices of compassion, benevolence, and humanity," a saying as true in our strenuous times as in his own.

Addison was a man of high moral impulses and a charming talker, especially when face to face with a trusted friend. He was good-natured, and so cheery that his very countenance took on an air of amiability, if not beauty.

He was a preacher's son, and held that Christianity is "the secret of all actual good cheer." He thought that "a vicious man and atheist have no pretense to cheerfulness, since it is impossible for any one to live in good humor and enjoy his present existence if he is apprehensive either of torment or annihilation, of being miserable, or of not being at all."

Addison made friends easily, and had he let the wine-cup alone, might have lived longer, and would have been held up as a model.

One thing in his favor was his detestation of card-playing. He could n't see how intelligent people can pass a dozen hours together in shuffling and dividing a pack of cards, with no other conversation except a few game phrases.



SERENITY

Human anger is never commendable, and rarely excusable. It can not be justified in one case out of a thousand.

A ruffled temper is never a help, and it is often a detriment and hurt.

Calm demeanor under any provocation is wise; blow and bluster are childish.

A manly man always defers his anger, and thus he becomes "better than the mighty."

The greater an offense may be, the more the need of considerate decision in respect to it.

We can but respect a man who is as calm in speaking to a threatening foe as he is to a loving friend.

"He that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city."

Harsh words and fierce deeds never yet gave a truly great man any satisfaction.

Our reasoning faculties are given us for use, and when we become so wrought up that we fail to use them, we belittle ourselves.

Fire and storm have no reason in them. To be wisely deliberate we must keep cool.

The only vengeance in which a true gentleman is justified is that of exchanging charity for injury.

Except anger at sin, no man can be angry and sin not.

Except the vengeance of love, no man can wreak vengeance and get off even.

"Anger is a stone cast into a wasp's nest." Better leave the stone in the brook.

Suppress one moment's anger, and you may save yourself a year of pain.

Nearly all troubles and trials, animosities and regrets, grow out of an uncurbed temper. Better put on the bridle.

Bear and forbear. Anger is the fool's weapon. It is the soft tongue that breaketh the bone.

DOMESTICITY

Martha Washington, the first "first lady of the land," was rich in all that goes to make up ideal American womanhood. She was a woman of wealth, but her greatest riches were a warm religious spirit and plain good sense.

Her air, her manners, all who saw admired;
Courteous, though coy, and gentle, though retired;
The joy of youth and health her eyes displayed,
And ease of heart her every look conveyed.

Martha Dunderidge was born in Virginia in 1732, and at the age of seventeen married Daniel Parke Custis, son of the king's counsel for Virginia. At his death she was left with two children and a large fortune.

At the age of twenty-seven she became the wife of Colonel George Washington, and took up her abode at the Mt. Vernon mansion. She was beautiful, elegant in person, not too tall, good-natured, with fair complexion, dark, expressive eyes, and a look beaming with intelligence.

She loved society, was always well-gowned, revered her husband, and often shared his headquarters in the field during the Revolutionary War; and she always received his guests with queenly courtesy.

When Washington was elected President, she received a royal reception in New York. She was "clothed tidily in American textile manufactures." When her chaise rolled into the city, cannons boomed her welcome, and cavalcades of gentlemen were her willing escorts.

Lady Washington's moral character was as lovely as her physical charms. She was not a person of distinguished literary taste, but she was a home-keeper, rising early, personally inspecting everything about the house, and after breakfast each day spending one hour in private devotion in her own room.

She was a social favorite, though independent and plain. She often wore garments which were made from cloth woven by her own servants. In this habit her distinguished husband



THE FIRST
"FIRST LADY OF THE LAND"

Happy Inspirations

was her match, for at his inauguration he wore a full suit of fine cloth which was the handiwork of his own household.

Mrs. Washington loved her husband and satisfied his craving for domestic bliss. At the time he took command of the American armies he wrote to her expressing reluctance at the separation, and added: "I should enjoy more real happiness in one month with you at home than I have the most distant prospect of enjoying abroad if my stay were to be from seven to seventy years."

Martha Washington illustrates Hermes' remark: "A beautiful and chaste woman is the perfect workmanship of God—the true glory of angels, the rare miracle of earth, and the sole wonder of the world."

SINCERITY

Be what thou seemest, friend o' mine,
Live out strong-shod thine inmost creed;
Let soul-light through thy features shine;
Lay bare thine heart in inmost deed.

Say what thou meanest, friend o' mine;
Flash forth the thought that deepest burns;
Dissemble not in word of thine;
Speech insincere a true heart spurns.

Do as thou'rt prompted, friend o' mine;
Fling impulse into action straight;
Make what thou doest be the sign
Of what thou art—naught else is great.

GENUINENESS

Running through the warp and woof of every true and lovable character are two principal threads, one of silk, and the other of gold.



PURE GOLD

The golden thread is genuineness, and the silken is tenderness or affection. When these are strong and well-woven, we have useful and influential people.

As a rule, these two threads go together, and should do so. Tenderness and genuineness make the perfect lady.

Happy Inspirations

Show me the woman whose individuality is her own prompter, whose mission is to fulfill her own manifest calling as wife, mother, home-keeper, or social worker, firm in her convictions, tender in her requirements, and I will show you a woman whose society is coveted, whose friendship is prized, and whose life is a marked example of beauty and strength.

Nothing is so strong as gentleness, and nothing so gentle as real strength. Gentleness and strength make the gentleman.

Genuineness is manhood or womanhood, and affection is life. In these we have our being, and from them come whatever is lovely, noble, sweet, powerful, and swaying in what we say and do. Of all earthly music, that which is heard the farthest and sounds the sweetest is the beating of a sound, true, and loving heart.

Search out the great and mighty from the records of fame, and find how every one of them had in himself the ring of soundness, the tone of genuineness, the stamp of being himself and not another, the real, original metal, and not a sham or counterfeit. Moreover, these brave and independent leaders were, as a rule, tender of heart, considerate in spirit, faithful in friendship, and both loved and loving in the domestic relations.

Men want other men to be themselves; that is, to be as God made them, not pretenders, or apes, or copyists, assuming airs of importance and living in coldness, hardness, deceit, meanness, and consequent impotency. As Cicero said: "True glory strikes root, and even extends itself; all false pretensions fail as do flowers, nor can any feigned thing be lasting."

CONTENTMENT

Man's duty is to make himself useful, and thus life becomes interesting, while being comparatively free from anxiety.

No man can fill his life with everything sweet, valuable, energetic, and interesting and yet keep care outside.

"Mark Antony sought for perfect happiness in love, Brutus in glory, Cæsar in dominion: the first found disgrace, the second disgust, the last ingratitude, and each destruction."

Wealth is good, but it rarely comes without trouble, temptation, and danger, making life unhappier than it was before.

Sometimes people dream that entire happiness would be found in freedom; but this is only a dream. As Ruskin observed, "A fish is freer than a man, and a fly is the incarnation of freedom, but neither rises to a life of much interest, and both are in danger of quick death."

Persons who give way to the craving for freedom usually fall under a most terrible tyranny, being slaves to temptation, and often the victims of appetite and lust. True self-control has more happiness in it in one minute than self-indulgence has in a whole lifetime.

Man can not use much of the earth upon which he has his home, and the more he craves the less contented he will be. It is told that Cineas the philosopher once asked Pyrrhus what he would do when he had conquered Italy. "I will conquer Sicily." "And after Sicily?" "Then Africa." "And after you have conquered the world?" "I will take my ease and be merry." "Then," asked Cineas, "why can you not take your ease and be merry now?"

A man is his own best world. Let him conquer that and he has conquered all.

He that conquers can rest. Complacency follows struggle. The ruler of his own spirit is a prince enjoying peace. His heart has room for every delight, and it is there that sweet Content is most likely to find her mild abode.



CONTENTED

100

OF DIAMOND VALUE

A genuine diamond is almost indestructible. It can stand the test of raging fire. I found this out by accident.

A friend once passed her diamond ring to me for safe-keeping while she did some work.

I wrapped the ring in a slip of paper and put it into my pocket, forgetting all about it until it was called for.

I then remembered that in kindling a fire I had taken the crumpled paper from my pocket and burned it up, diamond with it.

My face blanched. The day had been cold, and the fire very hot; in fact, a rousing coal-fire.

Rushing to the stove, I began to search the ashes for the missing diamond, at length finding it, dimmed and dulled by the intense heat.

Going with it to a dealer, I was rejoiced to learn that the stone was uninjured, and that after repolishing it would be more radiant and valuable than before, which proved to be the case.

The gem was sent to New York, burnished anew, given a rich setting, and of course was prized by its owner more than ever.

My own interest in diamonds was thus enhanced. No other stone is so beautiful. No other substance is so impenetrable. No other fiber is so fireproof.

Diamond-polishing is one of the finest of the fine arts. Two years have been occupied in the cutting of one stone. A single diamond has been esteemed as worth five millions.

The New Gem diamond, which measured four inches in diameter when discovered in 1905, contained three thousand carats.

The Brazil diamond, discovered in 1680, measured three inches and contained one hundred and thirty cut karats.

The Kohinoor, discovered in 1304, belonging at length to Queen Victoria, is valued at six hundred thousand dollars.

The diamond has always been highly prized. Its ancient

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name was "adamant," and it was used chiefly in cutting or writing upon glass or other hard substances, hence the expression "An adamant harder than flint."

But there are diamonds other than those plucked from the soil of the Transvaal and coveted by all the world.

These other diamonds are none other than human hearts that glow, intellects that sparkle, characters that shine, spirits which are "purest rays serene."

These higher-class diamonds are not all to be found in the open; some of them have never been discovered at all, others are yet in the rough and needing resolute polishing; but every one of them has value, ornamenting the home, flashing in schools, gracing individual life, enriching society, and really doing the world more good than all the literal diamonds which flash in royal crowns, or are guarded in the treasures of society queens.

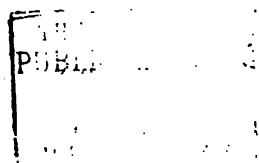
It is said that the potential value of a gem becomes actual after contact with the emery wheel. When the Cullinan diamond was lifted out of the blue earth of South Africa, its weight in the rough was over three thousand carats. After a year, however, in the polishing shop of an Amsterdam lapidary, though it had lost weight, its value had enhanced and it was considered fit to shine in the British crown.

Diamonds, however, all have intrinsic worth. Plentitude does not seem to lower their cost nor lessen their brilliancy. They can be imitated, but not cheapened. Excellence inheres in them. They are never anything but diamonds.

So with those gems of character which God has set in moral and spiritual crowns. They may shine by multitudes unseen, in humble cots, around beds of affliction, in halls of learning, in mission fields afar, but they are all diamonds still. Angels see them and appreciate their beauty. Great men know them and accord them their dues. They can not be destroyed by fire, or sword, or neglect. They are heaven's own priceless gems lent awhile to earth but soon to flash in imperial splendor throughout eternal years.



A POLISHED DIAMOND



CHEERFULNESS

Some life qualities are like a field of thistles, homely and hurtful; others are like a garden full of roses and lilies, fragrant and beautiful.

Cheerfulness is a delightful life quality, as full of bright bouquets as a bird song is full of music.

What sunshine is to flowers, and what flowers are to persons who love them, so good cheer is to society; it develops, refines, and makes glad.

If one is determined to be miserable in this world, he can easily find enough to make him so, but if he wishes to be happy, he can open the windows of his soul and let in the sunshine. Life's day is light or dark in proportion as our vision is clear and our spirit bright.

"I would rather have a fool make me merry than experience make me sad." A song in the heart and a bouquet in the window are sources of gladness.

Innocent cheeriness beautifies any face and modifies any deformity. A club-foot's smile is more attractive than a beauty-queen's scowl.

Some fastidious people use face massage to keep out wrinkles. Cheeriness is a better remedy; it transforms wrinkles into beauty lines.

The beauty doctors say, "Do n't laugh; laughing makes wrinkles." Rather say, "Do n't frown; frowning kills folks." "A light heart lives long."

Cheerfulness is health; melancholy is disease, and heart disease at that. Nothing is more deadly than dumps.

When the heart is light, everything in life is bracing and charming. Even tears may water roses.

For usefulness or for a good time one ounce of cheerfulness is worth a ton of ill-humor. The scold never yet scaled the summit of bliss.

"If I can put one touch of rosy sunset into the life of any man or woman, I shall feel that I have worked with God;" how

Every Life A Delight

much more so if I can put in one touch of glorious sunrise!
"A cheerful friend is like a sunny day."

Cheerfulness is an everyday virtue. It is just as appropriate for Sunday morning before Church as it is for Saturday night after the work is done and the wages reaped.

Cheerfulness is a prime life quality; it tones the strength, increases fortitude, softens hardship, and it smiles to the last.

THE SUNNY SIDE

Nature has her dark days, but that is no valid reason why life should be shaded.

Open the shutters and let in the light.

A sunny disposition irradiates almost any experience, even that of sickness, sorrow, pain, or death.

Get out of the fogs, friend, the fogs of doubt and despair. Step into the sunlight of confidence and hope.

Keep up a cheery spirit. Forget the meaning of fretfulness, panic, and pessimism.

This is a pretty good world to live in; some of its features are bad, but it is glorious to live just to make them better.

Try the sunny side of life. Forsake the gloom of habitual shadow. Let the midday sun gain a chance to warm your heart and clarify your brain.

Aim to be a sunbeam yourself. Perhaps some one is expecting this of you. Seek access to clouded lives and brighten them up.

Be a Lucy Larcom and say:

If I were a sunbeam,
I know where I'd go;
Into lowliest hovels,
Dark with want and woe;
Till sad hearts looked upward,
I would shine and shine;
Then they'd think of heaven,
Their sweet home and mine.



SUNSHINE

17

SUNSHINE IN PRACTICE

Forever the sun is pouring his gold
On a hundred worlds that beg and borrow;
His warmth he squanders on summits cold,
His wealth on homes of want and sorrow:
To withhold his largess of precious light
Is to bury himself in eternal night:
To give is to live.

Nothing expands and warms the heart like giving. Nothing freezes it into churlishness like habitual withholding.

Correct giving ennobles, develops, and gives power of ascent. Those who give only a trifle, as compared with ability, become a trifle.

Giving causes the face to shine and the character to glow. It makes the giver feel that he is living the right sort of life.

From the countenance of the giver the solar light flashes, reflecting a quickened inner consciousness.

Just try the matter sometime; yea, try it often. Place a few pennies, nickels, or dimes in the wind-chilled hands of that faithful little newsboy, and feel your own soul made warm by his "Thank you!" If one boy does n't show gratitude, try another.

Or, plank down before the eyes of some sweet, bright, poverty-stricken little neighbor girl, whose widowed mother has taught her to repeat trustful prayers and to be good, a few shining quarters, or half-dollars, telling her that they are actually hers, and then look upon her beaming face for the softening light that seems so much like heaven's own.

I tell you, there is something lovely in this. No one can fail to enjoy the enjoyment that creates joy.

Besides this, the practice of giving harmonizes with the aim and spirit of modern life. This is the giving age. Up-to-date people love to bestow gifts upon worthy causes.

Not a week passes without news appearing of somebody, somewhere, giving something to needy and noble enterprises.

Every Life A Delight

And I say this is right. It is inspiring. It brightens the world. It comports with the spirit and principle of a true life.

The measure of each man's charity is left largely to the dictates of his own conscience, but a measure in some degree is laid upon each. We almost require it of each other.

Everybody knows that beneficence is the fundamental law of the golden-rule life. It helps all and hurts none.

It counteracts man's natural tendency to set his heart upon property as a finality.

It creates in him a true and cordial sympathy that elevates society.

It strengthens his soul in good will and love toward everybody.

It exhibits tenderness in a way that counts, because it ameliorates woe and makes others happy.

This practice is ever and everywhere a redeeming element in human character.

It allies man to angels and to the world's great Christ who gave Himself for all.

It saves man from that inevitable self-degradation that always follows incessant self-indulgence and penuriousness.

It is a practice within the reach of every prosperous person, and indeed is in itself a big step toward greater prosperity.

Few wiser men ever lived than the famous king who said: "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth, and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, and it tendeth to poverty."

MIND FOOD

Sober thought is the mind's best food; wit is only its seasoning.

Wit in excess is too much of a good thing; merciless wit is poison.

Wit is a sort of a mental freak; Dryden thought it "allied to madness."

Wit, to be pleasant, must be spontaneous; studied wit is stupid.

Happy Inspirations

Wit is not a proof of wisdom, but only of wide-a-wake-ness. A dude called out, "Where's that blockhead servant of mine?" "On your shoulders," was the reply he heard.

Talleyrand was famed for wit, but every thrust he made was vinegarish, and it is a wonder he escaped the dagger. A person of doubtful character once remarked in his hearing that he felt "the torments of hell." "What! Already?" was the suggestive inquiry.

Talleyrand being asked whether a certain authoress was not a "little tiresome," replied, "Not at all; she is perfectly tiresome."

When the great tactician, Seimonville, died, Talleyrand, who had depended on him, dryly observed, "I can not for the life of me see what interest he had to serve by dying just now."

Two prominent ladies asked Talleyrand which one he liked best.

"Both," was his answer. "If we were both drowning, which one would you save?" "One with each hand." "But if only one could possibly be rescued, which?" The sharp questioner heard this answer, "Madame, you who know so much about everything doubtless know how to swim."

Some persons seem to be incapable of wit; they can not even repeat the witticisms of others. At a public dinner in Washington a humorist sat opposite a bald-headed senator, and, turning to one sitting beside him, asked, "Do you know why the senator's head is like Alaska?" "I do not." "Because it's a great white bare place." This tickled the hearer, and he in turn asked the senator the same question direct. The senator replied that he could not imagine, and was told, "Because it's a great place for white bears."



TALLEYRAND

WORLD-WIDE WISDOM

"To die in the last ditch," was first uttered by William of Orange.

"Every tub must stand on its own bottom," is from Bunyan.

"Remedy worse than the disease," is from Bacon.

"Take the wrong sow by the ears," is from Ben Jonson.

"The moon is made of green cheese," is found in Rabelais.

"Too much of a good thing," represents Don Quixote.

"Virtue is her own reward," emanates from Dryden.

"It is an ill wind that blows no man good," is Shakesporean.

The following proverbs represent the nations named:

Great barkers are nae biters. Scotch.

All bite the bitten dog. Portuguese.

What three know, all know. Spanish.

He gives twice who gives quickly. Roman.

The absent are always in the wrong. French.

He who owns a horse can borrow a horse. Welsh.

The hardest step is over the threshold. Italian.

Make thyself a sheep, and the wolf is ready. Russian.

He that lives with cripples learns to limp. Dutch.

A lean agreement is better than a fat lawsuit. Italian.



HEART COMMUNION

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC

PART FOURTH
THE TENDER AFFECTIONS

HAPPY they who hold their friends,
As a magnet holds the steel;
Worth inherent serves the ends
Of Love's first and last appeal.

The Tender Affections

LOVE

Love is the richest thing in the world. Without it wealth, power, fame, and sport would be but poverty itself.

Love relieves the tension of power. Were there no affection, every ruler would be either a tyrant or a pigmy.

Love is the fascination of fame. Human nature wants not only to be known, but favorably known. Celebrity without esteem is the cemetery of comfort.

Love is the zest of sport. Without affection pastime pales into brutality. Just in proportion as warm Christian love waned the cruel old Roman arena flourished.

Love enriches whatever it reaches. It is the very heart of everything that men covet. The most luxurious lust affords no pleasure like unto the minutest joy of genuine love.

Love institutes the charms of life. It makes existence dear, work easy, care endurable, association delightful, courtship beautiful, marriage blissful, parenthood heavenly, age serene, and death rapturous.

He builds an unchanging fortune who develops love. Solitude can not dishearten him. Misfortune brings to him no despair. His treasure is hidden in his own heart and God's hand holds the key. Should the earth itself fall from its foundations, his affection would float him to the skies.

Love takes many forms, but in any form its character is golden. Even animal love enriches human thought. The affection of a mother bird or beast elicits encomiums.

The heart is hard in nature and unfit
For human fellowship, as being void
Of sympathy, and therefore dead alike
To love and friendship both, that is not pleased
With sight of animals enjoying life,
Nor feels their happiness augment his own.

We repeat the word, Love is the richest thing in the world. It is life's great end, but not its ending; it is life's wealth, never spent, though ever spending. No man loves to live like him who lives to love.

THE BEAUTY OF LOVE

Love is beautiful to the thought, and love makes everything seem beautiful. It is a spirit with a charm in it.

Love has been called blind, but this is not true. Love has keen eyesight. It sees the best traits, however, and ignores faults. This is a beautiful kind of blindness.

Love is beautiful in courage. "None but the brave deserve the fair." Bravery is beautiful, and love is brave. Love will dare death for the object loved.

Love is beautiful in persistency. It knows no defeat. It lays siege to the last breath and dies trying. "As soon go kindle a fire with snow as to quench the fire of love with words."

Love is beautiful in generosity. It is the only passion that admits another to its dreams of happiness. It pictures heaven for two and often transforms the picture into a glorious reality.

Love is beautiful in its consciousness. It knows the sweetness of being. If there is anything sweeter than to be loved, it is loving; and if there is anything sweeter than loving, it is to be loved while loving.

Love is beautiful in its rapture. A perfect mutual love is almost too ecstatic for earth. "To love one who loves you, to be the idol of your idol, exceeds the limit of human joy—it is like stealing fire from heaven."

Love is beautiful in its variety. Though one in substance, it takes many forms—the love of lovers, the conjugal, the paternal, the fraternal, the filial, the patriotic, and love for love's sake. A person in love carries a sort of talisman that makes life too precious to be touched.

Love is beautiful in duration and sweep. It ignores decline, survives decay, strokes white hairs, and keeps young in heart. It thrives in every clime, is conversant with every tongue, and does n't stop with earth. Love is of God. Angels revel in its atmosphere. Eternity can not exhaust it.



A STORY AT A DISTANCE

The Tender Affections

ALL AND ALWAYS

True love will brook no common share
In what she holds the dearest;
No less can satisfy her prayer
Than declaration clearest—
All and always.

For less than all may mean reserve,
Perchance for other lover;
While less than always can not serve
Expected life to cover—
All and always.

True love keeps naught in thought or pelf
From consideration tender;
She lays down life, and flings herself
In absolute surrender—
All and always.

And love demands a like return
From her accepting wooer;
She thinks the flame of love must burn
In splendor ever truer—
All and always.

LOVE'S RICHEST OUTLAY

The richest outlay that Love can make is in a happy marriage. In no other relation can it exert its force with so much benefit to all concerned.

Marriage is not merely a union between two creatures—it is a union between two spirits, and its design is to perfect the nature of both, and to populate the world with other spirits equally perfect.

In this union Love finds its best chance to develop excellence of character, strength of moral will, sympathy, tenderness, and all those lovely graces and traits which make life worth living both for self and others.

Marriage has been called "the bloom or blight of all men's happiness." Love, or the want of it, makes it so. Without love, marriage is a perpetual degradation and a living death; with it, marriage is a constant inspiration and a glorious life.

"The institution of marriage," says Timothy Dwight, "keeps the moral world in being, and secures it from an untimely dissolution. Without it natural affection and amiableness would not exist, domestic education would become extinct, industry and economy be unknown, and man would be left to the precarious existence of the savage. But for this institution, learning and refinement would expire, government sink into the gulf of anarchy, and religion, hunted from the earth, would hasten back to her native heaven."

Marriage makes home. Home is the nation's unit and its recruiting shrine. Patriotism, or love of country, thrives most when family love reaches its perfect stages.

Man reaches his highest point of perfection in the bracing atmosphere of a love-blest home. Warmed and cheered by a wise woman's affection, his hidden comforts become more precious than the gold of the mountains or the treasures of the deep.

"What greater thing is there," inquires George Eliot, "for two human souls than to feel that they are joined for life—to



NEAR LOVE'S ALTAR

The Tender Affections

strengthen each other in all labor, to rest on each other in all sorrow, to minister to each other in all pain, to be one with each other in silent, unspeakable memories at the moment of the last parting?"

LOVE AND LONGING

He's far away, the idol of my heart,
And night and day, in dream and waking thought,
I long for him with longing inexpressible.

It is a longing that amounts to pain;
Yet sweeter far the longing and the pain
Than stranger be to love.

Sometimes he comes; he names the day
When I his face shall see and hear
The music of his voice. How sweet
The glad anticipation! I count the hours
Until that interview so precious
Becomes reality to me.

O love! O longing love!
My inmost heart is stirred
As by a power akin to the divine.
Outdrawn in force my very soul
Leaps through the realms of space
And clasps in ecstasy and eager haste
The object of my love.

Before mine eyes his image stands.
I view his smile, his arms outstretched
To clasp me to his breast, and, whispering low,
Speak sweetness through my frame.

All else is naught compared with him.
The angel forms that grace the courts of God
And shine in brightness in the streets of gold
Are not the forms I seek.

Every Life A Delight

'T is he alone; my own, though his,
For he is mine, and evermore shall be.
The earth may fail with all its life,
With all its fleet, material things,
But love—my love, my longing love—
Shall never fail or die.

In regions far beyond the roll of years,
Or reign of earthly law, this longing love
Shall rule and thrive till merged and sated
In the love of him for whom I long.

A WOMAN'S HEART

A prisoner droops in a gloomy cell,
Accused of crime as black as hell;
His hands are stained with human blood;
The proofs rise up a whelming flood;
Yet into his cell flies a sweet bouquet,
For a woman's heart is touched to-day.

A woman droops in a parlor bright;
Her unstained hands are lily-white;
Her eyes are red with weeping sore;
She lists for footsteps at the door—
Her recreant spouse doth from her stay,
And a woman's heart is torn to-day.

A loved youth droops in a gilded hall,
Where strength and virtue meet their fall;
A son or daughter, either, or both,
The seeds of vice and evil soweth.
O mother-hope, farewell for aye!
A woman's heart is broken to-day.

The Tender Affections

HER ANSWER

"Wilt thou become my wife?" asked he.
"I'll think most seriously," said she.

And think she did. Her heart was moved
By loving much and being loved.

The past arose; the future loomed,
And life its aspects grave assumed.

Her childhood home, parental care,
Her dear surname, her freedom rare,
Her girlhood chums, her infant schemes,
Her schoolday romps, her maiden dreams—
All rushed upon her memory keen,
A tender, tearful, happy scene.

Then surged the question: Yes, or No!
Surrender self, or love forego;
Surrender self, become a wife,
A better-half the rest of life.

Not long in doubt she held the choice—
The warmth of love subdued her voice;
In mingled confidence and fear
The answer "Yes!" she whispered clear.

A TENDER HEART

Julia Ward Howe is best known through her noble "Battle Hymn of the Republic," which was composed in 1862, after she had visited an encampment of Union soldiers in the Civil War and actually saw the camp surprised by the Southern Army, and instantly engaged in battle. In her dreams that night she saw the flash of guns and heard the noise of war. She awoke with the words of the Hymn ringing in her head, and wrote them down then and there, that she might not lose them.

No sooner had the Hymn appeared in print than Chaplain McCabe committed the words to memory, and soon afterward, while confined in Libby Prison, when the news of the Gettysburg victory came to the depressed prisoners, he led them in the mighty song:

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord,
His truth is marching on." Soon the Battle Hymn became one of the leading lyrics of the war.

But Mrs. Howe was more than a war poet. She lived a brilliant life in many ways. The noble help she rendered to people in distress, and the assistance she gave to all good causes, were enough to place her name high in the roll of fame.

Her maiden name was Cutler. She was born in Newport, R. I., May 27, 1819, and died at Portsmouth, R. I., of pneumonia, October 17, 1910. At the age of twenty-three she married Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, of Boston.

Mrs. Howe was a great favorite with children. No visitor delighted her little descendants more than she. They would dance around her while she played and sang jigs and reels and marches, some of them improvised for the occasion, and all of them rendered in the liveliest style of the musician's art.

One of her little melodies, "The Canary Bird's Funeral," with its sweet representations of minute guns fired over the grave, the grief of the poor mother at home, and the marching away of the funeral train, often made the listeners sad and tearful; but



MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE AND HER GRAND-NIECE

The Tender Affections

they were always quickly cheered by happy words and songs thereafter.

Mrs. Howe's power of music was a wonderful gift. Rhythm and melody came to her as easily as speech. She is said to have known more songs, in all the languages of earth, than any other person of her generation. Her own children never came to the end of her songs, and her grandchildren loved them as much as her own. Music flowed from her throat as naturally as a bird sings. Most of her compositions were never written down, and whenever any occasion required a new one, it was forthcoming as spontaneously as food for the feasts.

Mrs. Howe became famous. She spoke often at great meetings, was consulted much on great subjects, and exerted an influence always powerful in behalf of great causes. She resided in Boston, and had a summer home at Newport. She lived elegantly, but not ostentatiously, and was a great favorite with small and great, young and old alike. Her superior knowledge, sweet wisdom, and still greater tenderness and love for every creature made her a center of interest to all.

This tribute by one of her grandchildren will be a fitting close:

"Not only had we delightful visits from her in our own homes, but we went besides to stay with her. In all my life I have never known any one so sparkling with fun and wit as was she; and the games and plays, the music and dancing that we had with her were like so much sparkling sunshine. Even when she was at her serious work in the morning, we might always come into her room, if we would play quietly, and she always arranged something to amuse us, and had a moment's laughing talk with us before she went back to her desk."



SISTERS

THE LOVE OF SISTERS

No human affection is more beautiful than the love of sisters.

Paternal affection may be more compassionate, and filial affection more ardent, but in the element of beauty the love of intelligent sisters surpasses both.

I knew a quartet of loving, intelligent sisters. Bright of intellect, comely in face and form, socially engaging, warm in temperament, self-respecting, and deferential, their friendship was a prize and their friends were legion.

Lively, indeed, was life in their association. Though not all equally witty, none were without wit, and all had what was better than wit—that wisdom which is “the olive that springeth from the heart, bloometh on the tongue, and beareth fruit in the action.”

And these four sisters are yet living to bless each other and to grace society.

As constant as the light, as warm and genial as the summer air, their love lives on, shines on, keeping a glow in the heart and ever fostering in their associates a strong desire for long-continued life.

Of sisters in general it may be said that they are not only loving, but that they rarely lose kindly interest in each other, as brothers often do.

The Tender Affections

Brothers are interested in property and its related rights and benefits; sisters are more interested in matters of propriety and their related joys.

Brothers go to law with brothers, but the quarrels of sisters, if they have any, seldom reach so serious a stage.

The devil tempts one mother's son
To rage against another;
So wicked Cain was hurried on
Till he had killed his brother.

Brothers may kill each other, as they do sometimes, but such a crime among sisters would shock the world.

Sisters are tender toward each other and toward brothers, too, and their generous love goes far toward making home a paradise.

Some one has said that "a happy family is but an earlier heaven," and nothing except parental wisdom goes farther in making happy families than the love of sisters.

THE UGLINESS OF HATRED

Giants are found only among lovers. The cordial hater is a pigmy.

Hate dwarfs the soul. It is a force that consumes vital energy faster than a steam locomotive consumes coal.

Violent hatred sinks the hater lower than anything hated can be.

Hate is heart madness. It is a cancer that eats out all tenderness and leaves the moral nature a skeleton.

The cordial hater sees everything off-color. His mental vision is not natural. He often loathes what others can but love.

Haters are failures, and deserve to fail. They do themselves no good by hating, and it is impossible for them to do good to those they hate.

Hate no one. Hate vice. All hatred of persons is vicious. Hatred is the vice of the narrow.

Cordial haters should carry mirrors to look into and see how pale they are. Hatred turns the life-blood into bile.

Every Life A Delight.

No man can rise by hate. Stop hating, or else stop hoping.
Hatred never goes to seed and dies out. It is more persistent
than Canada thistles. Love alone can cure it.

Expend your soul power in hate and you won't have any
capital left for work. Heart disease is always deadly.

When a cordial hater gets sick and wishes to be reconciled
to the one long hated, look out for a death near. In the light of
eternity hatred does not seem worth while.

And shall I hate my brother? No!
His hold on life, like mine, is frail.
Soon off upon death's sea we go,
And hatred only speeds the sail.

QUEEN OF THE WORLD

I have a friend of whom one who is intimately acquainted
with her says, "She mothers everybody."

This friend is yet young in years, and still younger in heart,
a beautiful Christian character, popular in society, interesting
in personal intercourse, and yet her distinguishing characteristic
really is that "she mothers everybody."

Could a sweeter compliment be paid to a woman?

There are mothers and mothers. Some have traits of one
kind and some of another; but all who are really motherly possess
at least one trait which is peerless in beauty and sacredness, for

A mother is a mother still,
The holiest thing alive.

Everywhere in this world mothers are needed, for the in-
spirations and restraints of motherhood are indispensable in
softening the rough features of this hard world and in making
collective life all that it should be. An old Jewish adage touches
the point, "God could not be everywhere, and therefore He
made mothers."

Among mothers generally there are few who are inclined
to "mother everybody," or who even mother somebody as
wisely and tenderly as they should.



ONE OF THE QUEENS

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The Tender Affections

To my mind, the most royal quality in human life is that of motherliness, being akin to that of angelic ministration.

True motherliness is tenderness enshrined and solicitude impersonated. It looks to the well-being of man as man, irrespective of habits or tendencies, beliefs or practices. It is love in its most striking form. "If there be aught surpassing human deed or word or thought, it is a mother's love."

The surpassing attribute of a mother's love is its constancy, its blindness to faults, its hope for the best, its charity for weaknesses, its pity for ignorance and defects, its deathless sweetness, and its yearning strength.

Mother love may be, and often is, selfish—exceedingly selfish—yet it flows on with the steadiness of a river current, carrying hope and blessing to hearts perhaps by others forsaken and in themselves cheerless.

"A father," says Washington Irving, "may turn his back on his child; brothers and sisters may become inveterate enemies; husbands may desert their wives, and wives their husbands, but a mother's love endures through all. In good repute, in bad repute, in the face of the world's condemnation, a mother still loves on, and still hopes that her child may turn from his evil ways, and repent; still she remembers the infant smiles that once filled her bosom with rapture, the merry laugh, the joyful shout of his childhood, the opening promise of his youth, and she can never be brought to think him all unworthy."

Well, indeed, that this is so. The race can not dispense with such a quality, for there is no other to take its place, and without it man would be wretched indeed. More wayward boys would become highwaymen, and more destructionists self-destructive, but for the restraining influences and endearing memories connected with the motherly spirit.

The mother, in her office, holds the key
Of the soul; and she it is who stamps the coin
Of character, and makes the being who would be a savage,
But for her gentle cares, a Christian man.
Then crown her queen of the world.

Every Life A Delight

Yes, crown her "queen of the world," and own that her love is the most beautiful thing in the world.

"An angel," says Sam P. Jones, "was sent down from heaven one day to bring back the most beautiful thing on earth. He hunted long and carefully, saw a bed of full-blown American beauty roses, lovely beyond compare, and he gathered an armful and started to return to his home above. As he soared into the air he saw a baby's smile, and, filled with rapturous admiration at the sight, he returned to take it too. By its side he discovered a mother's love, and with all three in his arms, he mounted to the place beyond the skies. Just outside the pearly gates the spirit paused for a moment, and lo! the roses had withered and were dead, the baby's smile had vanished, but, strong as ever, the mother's love remained; and he cast the others aside and took this and laid it at the Master's feet as the most lovely and lasting thing on earth."

FATHER AND DAUGHTER

How delightful is the relation existing betwixt a right-minded father and his affectionate daughter!

To such a father, the daughter is almost a princess, and her pure and guileless soul is his shrine of tenderness and tears—

A tear so limpid and so meek,
It would not stain an angel's cheek;
'T is that which pious fathers shed
Upon a dutious daughter's head.

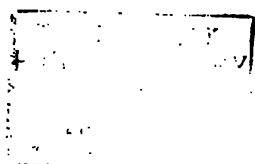
A daughter's love is her father's heart-food, notably as he waxes old and begins to realize that the treasures of earth are slipping from his grasp.

An aged father may lean on his son, but he wants his daughter to lean on him.

Sons frequently lack the sympathy of daughters; they have spirits of higher pitch, perhaps, but they are less inclined to sweet and endearing affection.



WATCHING FOR FATHER



The Tender Affections

Sons are often careless of the feelings of their sires, forgetful of the fact that their own sons may some day repay them in kind.

Whoever makes his father's heart to bleed
Shall have a child that will revenge the deed.

Sons grow wise, or they think they do, and they imagine that their fathers grow otherwise.

We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow:
Our wiser sons, no doubt, will think us so.

But daughters are usually considerate and loyal to their fathers. Many a daughter has given up a career, or a lover, or a fond pursuit solely to devote her life to the care of a lonely father.

Young daughters have been known fairly to spring into adult tact in a day to take charge of households bereft of the mother, and to be to all concerned a strength and stay.

Daughters concern themselves for a father's welfare, and in time of storm and stress watch for his coming with all the solicitude of a mother for her child.

Daughters may sometimes err, they may fail and fall, they may sicken and die, but while society endures, next to their mothers, they will be man's comfort, solace, and support.



"BY EARTH-LIFE UNDEFILED"

ROSA LOVAIRE

As fair a maid as ever bloomed
Within Columbia's realm;
As sweet a wife as e'er assumed
Of any home the helm;
As true a mother as from whom
A child its training drew;
As keen a mourner as the doom
Of widowhood e'er knew.

O, strong was Rosa's constant love
For husband and for child;
It took its impress from above,
By earth-life undefiled;

The Tender Affections

And cruel seemed the word which called
That husband to his crown;
She speechless stood, unnerved, appalled,
To see him stricken down.

But in her loneliness she turned,
By mother-love impelled,
And Duty's noblest lesson learned,
In firm resolve upheld,
To prize the gifts that still remained—
The children of her joy;
Each one to be most wisely trained
For high and fit employ.

This splendid mission she fulfilled,
Disdaining lighter charge;
In minds left fatherless distilled
The rules of action large;
And when her widowed life had closed,
While Grief upreared her sign,
A wealth of motherhood reposed
Within God's templed shrine.

MAKING FRIENDS

When you want more friends just make them
Thus wise people ever do;
Choose them out, and simply take them
To your warm heart beating true.

Make them by the law of kindness—
Kindness beaming from your eye,
Viewing faults with willing blindness—
Kindness which can never die.

Friendliness is friendship maker;
Be a friend, and friends are yours;
Be of friends a wise care-taker;
Friendship thus for aye endures.

PURE FRIENDSHIP

There is a friendship as warm as summer air and as pure as the whitest snow.

Integrity is the basis of it, and love and confidence are its first principles.

Such friendship may be rare, but its rarity only enhances its value.

It may indeed be rare, yet none the less real, it is the actual experience of a few privileged souls.

Friendship itself is the affection arising from mutual esteem and good will. Itself is its end; it has no motive.

Such a friendship is pure when the persons related to it have the requisite character and intelligence to make it so. There are such persons.

To say there are none such is to reflect on universal manhood and womanhood, and to stigmatize the Author of all being.

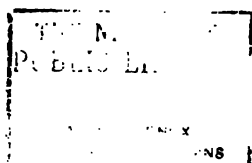
To find one such, just one, in whom we can trust implicitly, to whom we can pour out the heart freely, with whom we can ever walk and not grow weary, is to reach a status in which we shall not quarrel with the world or God.

Life knows no sweeter experience than friendship of this quality, for there is no higher happiness than to love such a friend and be loved in return.

"In all holiest and most unselfish love," says Trumbull, "friendship is the purest element of the affection. No love in any relation of life can be at its best if the element of friendship be lacking. And no love can transcend, in its possibilities of noble and ennobling exaltation, a love that is pure friendship."



FAITHFUL AND TRUE



ACCIDENTAL FRIENDSHIPS

The happenings of daily life are those we least expect,
And often these experiences are joyous in effect.
The friends we make by accident are frequently the best;
We cling to them in fond regard because they meet the test.

A friend I met by accident while on an errand bent
Has played her part as perfectly as though by heaven sent;
A heart as pure, a life as clean, as fancy can conceive,
With not a word, or look, or thought o'er which to ever grieve.

True friendship has its boundaries, its limited domain;
At most it is a luxury, a phase of social gain;
And my good friend by accident has proved a friend indeed,
Enlarging thought, enriching life, conserving special need.

Therefore to me the happenings which come as a surprise
Are apt to be the welcomest—God speed them in their rise!
Should other friends by accident gain places in my heart,
I'll own the unexpected is of bliss the greater part.

FRIENDLY GREETINGS

Modes of salutation, or inquiries after health, take many forms, but there is hardly a nation without one of its own.

The Americans, English, French, Germans, Italians, Russians, and Spanish all shake hands and say something, if nothing more than "How d' ye do?"

Some peoples on meeting give each other a vigorous slap on the shoulder, some prostrate themselves, while others make only a slight obeisance, like lifting the hat.

One form of salutation would seem very odd to everybody, were it not so common—that of the kiss. Whoever first thought of saluting another person in that strange way?

Some of the rude races have substitutes for kissing. The Mongols smell of the head, especially parents in meeting their

Every Life A Delight

children. This recalls blind Isaac's method of making sure that Jacob was his son: "He smelt the smell of his raiment, and blessed him."

The Samoans salute by juxtaposition of noses, accompanied not by a rub, but by a hearty smell.

The Burmese apply the lips and nose to the cheek, and make a strong inhalation.

Kissing the hand is a custom more ancient than kissing the lips. In remote times men saluted the sun, moon, and stars by kissing the hand, and persons were considered atheists who would not do this on entering the temple.

Anciently, kisses had meanings: one on the beard meant respect; on the cheek, friendship; on the eyelids, devotion; on the neck, reconciliation; on the knee, subjection; on the foot, servitude; on the lips, love.

The handclasp means peace and friendship. The custom of removing the glove before shaking hands with a woman began in the days of chivalry, when the glove was a steel gauntlet and might inflict pain. The habit of extending the right hand, which was the weapon hand, came about as a required security against treachery.



"How 'd Ye Do?"



A WORDLESS MESSAGE

A FRIENDLY TOKEN

Only a bit of passing bloom;
Only a dainty rosé;
And yet its fragrance fills my room
And o'er my spirit throws
A sweetness which no others feel
Save those who love as I;
To whom fair gifts of love appeal
With force which can not die.

Only a bit of passing bloom;
Only a rose that fades;
And yet it keeps my heart from gloom;
My love of life it aids;
It speaks a thought as pure as heaven
And strong as manhood power;
A wordless, winsome message given
Through medium of a flower.

THE KISS

A scientific theorist has suggested that Nature is the author of human kissing, and that men and women aped the apes in licking each other's lips. This is to make the monkey a more ingenious discoverer of delight than man.

A classic writer thinks that possibly kissing originated with the young Greek shepherdess who found an opal on one of the hills of Greece, and, wishing to give it to a youthful shepherd, whose hands were occupied with his flock, she let him take it from her lips with his own.

The first kiss on record dates back thirty-seven hundred years: "Come near now and kiss me, my son; and he came near and kissed him."

The next recorded kiss had a tear in it: "And Jacob kissed Rachel, and lifted up his voice and wept." Whether he wept because he kissed, or because he kissed but once, the writer does not say.

In the ancient poetry the kiss of love is depicted: "Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth, for thy love is better than wine." Modern poetry has not improved much on that.

Kissing is alleged to have been introduced into England by royalty. The British monarch Vortigern gave a banquet in honor of his Scandinavian allies, at which Rowena, the beautiful daughter of Hengist, "after the manner of her people," to the surprise of all, saluted the delighted sovereign with a kiss.

The kiss then became instantly popular. A knight who visited the field of the cloth of gold, on being invited to a local castle, was addressed by "the kynde ladye" in this style:

"Forasmuch as in England ye have such a custome as that a man may kysse a woman, therefore I will that ye shall kysse me, and ye shall also kysse these my maidens."

"Which thing," adds the old historian, "ye knyghte straight-way did, and rejoyced greatly thereat."

Perhaps the most noted kiss of modern history was that given by Queen Margaret of France, in the presence of her



A DELIGHTFUL SALUTE

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The Tender Affections

court, to Alain Chartier, "the ugliest man in the kingdom." Finding him asleep, she kissed him on the lips, and then explained to her equipage: "I do not kiss the man, but the mouth that has uttered so many charming things."

Modern poets deal playfully with the kiss. They seem to consider it a very fit subject for fanciful remark. Thus Moore:

"I never give a kiss," says Prue,
"To naughty man, for I abhor it."
She will not *give* a kiss, 't is true,
She 'll take one, though, and thank you for it.

Coventry Patmore could see only sly thoughts in kissing:

"I saw him kiss your cheek!"
" 'T is true."
"O modesty!"—" 'T was strictly kept:
He thought me asleep; at least I knew
He thought I thought he thought I slept."

A more open expression is given by our own American, Sidney Lanier, in his "Evening Song:"

Look off, dear Love, across the sallow sands,
And mark yon meeting of the sun and sea:
How long they kiss in sight of all the lands!
Ah! longer, longer we.

Now in the sea's red vintage melts the sun,
As Egypt's pearls dissolved in rosy wine,
And Cleopatra's night drinks all. 'T is done.
Love, lay thine hand in mine.

Come forth, sweet stars, and comfort heaven's heart,
Glimmer, ye waves, round else unlighted sands.
O Night, divorce our sun and sky apart,—
Never our lips, our hands.



CUPID'S TOY

CUPID

Even a myth has a birth, and Cupid is no exception. He was born at Rome, date unknown.

Venus was his mother, and Mythology his father. He was reared in a bad atmosphere, and was not always a good child.

Among his vices was that of gambling, and, according to John Lyly, of England, an authority 360 years ago, staked everything, even his eyes, on a game of cards with Campaspe, and lost.

At last he set her both his eyes:
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.

The Tender Affections

After this calamity the little fellow made many mistakes. How could it be otherwise? The world was dark to him.

Once, according to Thomas Moore, while reclining upon a bed of roses, he chanced upon a bee.

The bee awaked—with anger wild—
The bee awaked and stung the child.

The poor little fellow suffered much, and ran to his mother for soothing.

She said, "My infant, if so much
Thou feel the little wild bee's touch,
How must the heart, ah, Cupid! be,
The hapless heart that 's stung by thee!"

Cupid, like the bee, has always been a busy little chap. Samuel Taylor Coleridge once caught him planning "a rich elixir of delight" known as "kisses," and Dryden saw him mastering almost everybody by administering them:

Love never fails to master what he finds,
But works a different way in different minds,
The fool enlightens, and the wise he blinds.

But Cupid is not immortal. Our own William Cullen Bryant once beheld him as "dying and dead," and painted a beautiful picture of his burial. He then lamented him, thus:

But we shall mourn him long, and miss
His ready smile, his ready kiss,
The patter of his little feet,
Sweet frowns and stammered phrases sweet.

Judging from some things we have witnessed, Cupid revived again, and is very much alive to-day.

GLANCING BACK



"Let me cling
To the raptures taking wing."

Memory dreaming, happy, I
Hail the scenes of days gone by;
Greet the chums of other years,
Laugh the laughter, cheer the cheers,
Trace the journeys, laud the views,
Cite the sayings, glean the news,
Forward pressing, glancing back,
Not a joy my dream doth lack.

Memory dreaming; far away
Pass the scenes of bygone day;
Cheer is changing, mirth rings low,
Laughter-echoes fainter grow;
Landscapes fade in distant view,

Falling comrades wave adieu;
Youthful faces glancing back
Seem to whisper, "O alack!"

Memory dreaming, let me cling
To the raptures taking wing,
Flying, fading, silent, dim,
- Merry jokelet, song, and hymn.
O, the rushing feet of Time!
O, the clouded earthly clime!
Memory dreaming, glancing back
O'er the lengthening sun-kissed track.

THE MOORED BARK

Dear wife, our bark is on the strand;
Life's journey nears its close;
The good-night sun o'er all the land
Its lengthening shadows throws.

The Tender Affections

What joy has thrilled us through the years!
Hard toil has been our treat:
Few our repulses, jars, or fears;
Our fellowship, how sweet!

How dear the children of our heart,
Now caring for their own!
Each one pursues his chosen art,
And we are left alone.

Yet, sweet to dream of all the past,
And gracious yet to live;
No shadows o'er our hearts are cast—
The praise to God we give.

But now our fragile bark is moored;
The oar I lay aside;
A restful voyage is assured
On the eternal tide.



DELIGHTFUL MEMORIES

AN ANGEL'S DELIGHT

What activity is there that would be delightful to an angel?

Would it be a winged errand to some remote corner of the universe to relieve a sufferer?

Would it be the bearing of a message of joy or power to some worthy aspirant for world-wide service?

The late Dwight L. Moody thought that an angel would be most delighted in coming to earth to teach some poor ragged boy, without father or mother, the way of life, to care for him and guide his footsteps into the pathway of light and heart liberty.

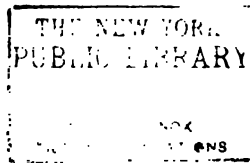
Do angels actually do anything? Do they come to earth at all? Are they round about us? Are they interested in our thoughts or actions?

“Man hath two attendant angels
Ever waiting by his side,
With him wheresoe’r he wanders,
Wheresoe’r his feet abide;
One to warn him when he darkleth,
And rebuke him if he stray;
One to leave him to his nature,
And so let him go his way.”

There is pretty good authority for saying that as surely as angels have an existence, so surely are they given charge over mortals, that they excel in strength, that they fly on errands, that they rejoice in good, that they delight in praise, and that sometime humanity will be lifted to glorious association with them; they are the messengers of God.



AWAKE TO HIGHER DELIGHTS



PART FIFTH
PLEADINGS OF THE HEART

Who is the richest man on earth?
Who has the most to loan?
What opulence has greatest girth
And brightest coins to own?
Wealth greatest is which farthest goes,
Which doth not from us part;
More stable fortune no man knows
Than wealth within his heart.

THY HEART AND MINE

We have hearts, and we are conscious of heart-life. We know that all around us are people who feel and act as if swayed by influences different and greater than those which come from physical and mental life.

Most of these people are white (so called), some are black, a few are red or yellow; but all are much alike in heart-color—that is, they are all capable of heart development.

And these people really differ more in the degree of their heart development than they do in any other way. It is this that makes them good or bad, acceptable or unacceptable, to each other. It is this, also, which differentiates them from the animal world; they have a moral nature; they laugh, they weep, they show emotion and render help as no mere animals can.

They also differ from animals in their intellectual capacity. A dog never gets beyond his bark, but a man's progress knows no bounds. The degree of refinement possible to men is marvelous, and it seems to depend in no small degree upon the state of the heart.

Most of us admire people who are civil, courteous, generous, genial, friendly, and refined; people who attend to their own business, go to school and to Church, may be, who work hard, play some, show regard for others, and act right generally. It takes heart to be and do all this.

As a rule, people of well-developed heart-life get along pleasantly together. They are not cruel, vengeful, intolerant, or barbaric. They show mercy toward each other. They have a spirit within them which makes them seem different from many of the nations that occupied the world in ancient days.

Heart-life is what does it. There is no other instinct like that of the heart. A good heart is the best thing on earth. A bad heart is the worst. A kind heart is a fountain of gladness. A cruel heart is a mire-bed of terror. All human actions take their character from the condition of the heart.

Every Life A Delight

The heart has cravings. It pleads for its own good. It is a world in itself. It is the sanctuary of God, or needs to be. It reaches out after the richest knowledge, the brightest light, the purest air, the most radiant prospect, and the surest foundation. There is no limit to heart experience and no end to heart longing.

HEARTLESSNESS

I call it heartlessness to wish
A neighbor any ill;
And almost heartlessness, if rich,
The hungry not to fill.

To know we may some help bestow
Yet feel no wise inclined,
Is heartlessness and deadness, too,
And bigotry combined.

'T is heartlessness to feel concern
For selfish self alone;
To have no heart within to burn
When righteousness has flown.

In truth, 't is heartlessness to live
With undeveloped powers;
To take all good, and never give
The world a bit of ours.

THE MIGHTY PLEA

"O, that I knew where I might find Him!" This is the mighty plea of the human heart.

This cry was heard of old, it is heard to-day, and will be heard to the end of time.

But can a man find God? Not by searching for Him; but he can be found of Him.

Under latter-day unfoldings man is found of God, who reveals Himself as our Father, and makes His home in the heart.

The Mohammedans have ninety-four names for the Deity, but not once do they call Him "our Father."

Until a man learns to trust in God as a child trusts in its father, he has not learned the secret of heart satisfaction.

The Divine Being should have the same place in a man's heart that He holds in the universe; that is, He should fill it full; then the heart longing is stilled.

There are only two absolutely essential things for a man to learn: one is, his own soul; and the other, God. The soul with God in it is an entity of supreme delight.

And millions of people have learned these two essentials. They are just as sure of them as they are that they live. If need be, they would die to testify to these realities.

A scientist said, in lecturing, "There is no such thing as a heartfelt religion."

An auditor arose and remarked, "This learned speaker should have said that, *so far as he knows*, there is no such thing as a heartfelt religion."

That reply was to the point. A great many people do not know that divine love may be realized in the soul; but their not knowing it does not make it impossible, nor unreal to those who do know it.

Therefore, to those who exclaim, "O that I knew where I might find Him!" an ever-enlarging number of trustworthy souls can humbly say, "Here, open thy heart to Him and find Him within thee!"

HEART TREASURES

"Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."

Is your treasure, then, greater in pulling power than your heart? To a miser, yes. A miser's heart is a minor quantity; you could put it into a five-dollar gold-piece without making a dent in the coin.

Hearts differ, and so do treasures. The latter are not all material; some are as luminous as air castles, and about as valueless.

Some treasures are treasures of the heart, and not of the external world. To a man the world is his heart; to a woman her heart is the world.

Alexander's heart was set on conquering the world; other men want to win the wealth of the world; still others would monopolize its pleasures. But there are those whose pleasure, riches, and conquests are confined to their own heart-world.

I have ease and I have health,
And I have spirits light as air,
And more than wisdom, more than wealth—
A merry heart that laughs at care.

A good heart is worth more than gold; it makes gold; it commands things richer and purer than gold; it is the greatest treasure on earth.

"If a good face is a letter of recommendation, a good heart is a letter of credit." The world has no banking house that will turn down a good heart, at least for long.

Each heart is a world in itself. There are hearts stored with energy enough to move the world and make heaven take notice. There are hearts as beautiful in holiness as the heart of an angel, and as generous in love, within human limitations, as the love of God.

There are hearts which abide in youth like sunshine and air. Memory may fail, wit lose its keenness, fancy its wing, and intellect its acuteness, but the heart still stands forth in all the freshness and beauty of life's morning hour.



BEAUTY HEART-DEEP

Pleadings of the Heart

Each heart is cast in its own mold and is master of the breast wherein it beats. No man is greater than his heart, and so far from commanding it, he is forced to obey it. It follows that a right heart is the most important thing in the world, for, "If wrong our hearts, our heads are right in vain."

MY CLAIM

I've filed my claim to riches rare,
The riches than can ne'er take wing,
That none can from its owner tear,
And none its worth away can fling.

In archives strong my claim is writ
In pigments that can never fade;
With lambent flame the vault is lit,
Unwatched by guards, secure from raid.

No limit to my claim I place;
The riches rise in boundless store;
No rival's cunning scheme I trace;
None can make less, or need make more.

Unchanging as eternal hills,
The riches claimed shall ever stand;
In measureless supply it fills
The soul, the life, the head, the hand.

If on the earth I longer stay,
Firm-held, much-prized shall be my claim;
Or if through space I fly away,
I'll keep it near my heart the same.

FAITH

Faith is the pleading of the heart for the best things. "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness." There is nothing better than being right—righteousness.

Faith is called "the substance of things hoped for." The word "substance" has solidity in it. The hopes of the believing heart rest upon solid foundations.

Faith is also called "the evidence of things not seen." The things not seen are so vast and numberless that every sane man rejoices in the evidence which makes them real.

True faith has no substitute. There is nothing that will serve in its place. Culture is good, but it never has satisfied the heart; indeed, it is possible to so sharpen the intellect that it will cut out the heart.

Faith conducts us near to God. Without faith it is impossible to please God. Without pleasing God there is no permanent happiness for a man here or hereafter.

Faith is the cubic root of all essentials. It is superior to any condition that may arise in man's life. It grasps the fundamentals and holds them as with cable strength.

When the bodily ear hears no words of encouragement; when the physical eye sees no way of escape; when reason can devise no means of relief or comfort, faith steps in and does it all.

Faith has lifted the sinking soul out of the mire and clay. Faith has arrested the stroke of wrath and saved the immortal spirit from death. Faith has thwarted the cunning of Satan and rescued unnumbered souls alive. Faith has dispelled the mists from the mountains of life, lifted the gloom from the valley of death, and given to millions of departing souls brighter visions of eternity.

Have faith in God. Have it at any cost. Get it, and never let go of it. It is the sine qua non of happy living and holy dying.



FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY

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HOPE

Hope looms higher than a wish. It has more soul in it and better backing behind it.

Hope is really the inspiration of life. It is the spring of effort, the backbone of resolution. The hopeless are the helpless.

In temporal affairs hope is a float. It buoys a fellow up in trial, cheers him in suffering, and encourages him in trouble.

Hope is the chief blessing of man on earth. It gives him vision. It points a straight path. Without it the average life would be a continuous circling around the whirlpool of despair.

In spiritual matters hope is an anchor. It touches the Rock. It gives a sense of security. It reaches into that within the veil. It takes hold on eternity. It lifts upward. We are saved by hope.

Hope is as various as human temperament, and as diversified as human conditions. It is riches to the poor, solace to the grieving, medicine to the sick, and soothing to the wronged.

Let us believe
That there is hope for all the hearts that grieve;
That somewhere night
Drifts to a morning beautiful with light,
And that the wrong,
Though now it triumphs, wields no scepter long.
But right will reign,
Throned where the waves of error beat in vain.

Hope is a primary trait, and it is contagious too. It is the first to give inspiration, and it is the last thing to expire. It is worth more than millions to the world's workers, and when it dies work will end.

Hope is death's polar star. It sees light ahead. It can see across the deepest, coldest, dreariest, darkest river that ever flowed, and can see forms and hear voices in the land beyond. Well may we all entreat with Byron:

Be thou the rainbow to the storms of life,
The evening beam that smiles the clouds away,
And tints to-morrow with prophetic ray.

CHARITY

Charity is love in action, love to man springing from the love of God.

Charity is the contrary of resentment and the antidote to indifference. It is a form of love which begets kindly interest.

Charity is the most effective builder of heart riches known. No man can be poor who gives much because he loves much.

Charity is never lost. Even though the receiver of it be an ingrate, the giver of it has laid up treasure in heaven.

Charity never fails. Hope and faith may give way, but the practice of love has its foundation in eternal principles and must ever stand.

Charity is our voucher for heaven's joy. Faith is our ticket of entrance, but charity implies the freedom of the city.

Charity takes innumerable forms. Alms-giving is but a type, a hint, an inspiration. To put down anger, overcome jealousy, rise above suspicion, ignore faults, cultivate cheeriness, and intensify consideration for others is to become an exponent of charity.

Charity is worship and service, too. To do good is an excellent form of praise. To bless many is worth more than intercessions. To show loving kindness is to proclaim the highest law. To relieve woe is to inaugurate heaven.

Charity is a passport to world esteem. It is a language universally understood. It is a garment comely in any land. It is a spirit that elicits smiles from all races.

In faith and hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is charity;
All must be false that thwart this one great end,
And all of God that bless mankind or mend.

CONSCIENCE

A man's conscience is not his "better half," but his better self.

Conscience, what art thou? thou tremendous power!
Who dost inhabit us without our leave
And art within ourselves another self,
A master-self, that loves to domineer.

Conscience is not only man's bosom friend, but his most faithful friend.

It tells him not only to live better, but to be better.

It not only administers judgment, but it inflicts punishment.

It never punishes as a judge until it has first warned as a witness and friend.

It never legislates; it does not make law, but prompts to the doing of right.

It turns into cowards those who befoul it, but into invincibles those who keep it clear.

It brings joy and peace to those who attend to its remonstrances, and lashes into misery those who violate it.

It is the biggest thing a man ever meets until he meets God.

Luther said, "I am more afraid of my own heart than of the pope and all his cardinals—I have within me the great Pope, self."

Consider all thy actions and take heed
On stolen bread, tho' it is sweet to feed.
Sin, like a bee, unto thy hive may bring
A little honey, but expect the sting.
Thou may'st conceal thy sin by cunning art,
But conscience sits a witness in thy heart,
Which will disturb thy peace, thy rest undo,
For that is witness, judge, and prison too.

THE SUPREME STRUGGLE

No person lives long in this world without struggle. Our environments and relationships involve rights, claims, privileges, obligations, and these mean severe and frequent mental struggles.

What to do, when to do it, and when to get at it, are questions which will and do come up in every life.

But the supreme life struggle is in the realm of the spiritual. To turn from, give up, and give to mean fiery trial.

No proud, impenitent, unbroken spirit can ever find peace with God.

No cold, stubborn, rebellious heart can ever be filled with divine love.

Some people seem to imagine that some day they will get right with God in spite of themselves. It is a vain hope. Coercion never comes. The Almighty never makes a machine of any man. A machine is not worth saving.

Man is an intelligent, responsible creature. Truth is given in sufficient light to satisfy reason. The power to weigh and sift evidence is given to all. Every man may be a believer.

Faith that satisfies the heart life is an exercise. It calls into play the liveliest and strongest faculties. It implies prompt and vigorous action. It not only believes, but it acts upon its own belief. It turns from the mud of wicked conduct and steps upon the Rock of eternal truth. There it rests on solid ground. The victory is won.

This faith never looks backward. Its course is settled. It has cast the die. The supreme struggle is over. It cries out, "Here I take my stand; I can do no other. God is my refuge."

Such a faith develops the soul. It rouses the will-power and develops spiritual principle. It fixes the purposes, and gives definite scope to aspiration and desire. It leads to specific endeavor. It makes the new-found peace the controlling life motive.

Such a faith unfolds life's true meaning. It clears up many mysteries. It substantiates unseen verities. It satisfies the

Pleadings of the Heart

heart, adds value to living, and is in reality the normal condition of a nature formed in the image of God. The supreme struggle is therefore worth while.

ENOCH GLADSON

Here's the key to his life, and his life from the key:
He was cheery in heart, and was oft on his knee;
He could laugh and keep sweet, bearing trouble with grace,
And he went to his knees with a smile on his face.

Well acquainted with God, he would never pray long,
But would frankly speak out in request good and strong;
And the things that he asked, when his spirit did cry,
Were the things of the heart in abundant supply.

Thus he went to his toil with a soul full of light,
And his words, like his thoughts, were uplifting and bright;
Never once in his life did he reckon with fears,
Nor once did he foolishly give way to tears.

Nor did cheeriness wane when his sun had climbed high;
Even when it had set there was glow in the sky;
And when in the starlight his soul found release,
His career still emitted reflections of peace.



"TILL MORN THEY STRUGGLED"

WRESTLING JACOB

A man is wrestling in the night;
The hours are lone and still;
An angel that excels in might
Is brought to do his will.

Till morn they struggle. Every cord
Stands out in tensest strain;
"I will not let thee go!" the word
Which rings across the plain.

"Except thou bless me now and here,
I will not let thee go;
Thy blessing, more than life, is dear;
I can not it forego.

Pleadings of the Heart

"I will not, will not thee release,
Unless with blessing thrilled;
My suit can never know surcease
Until my heart is filled."

The man prevails; a price henceforth
They recognize his name;
A power with God, a prince of worth
Who, wrestling, overcame.

Thus every man in triumph wins
An angel's blest supply,
When he the stalwart strain begins—
"I will be blest, or die!"

A COMPLETE LIFE

For life in completeness a person should be naturally well-endowed, splendidly cultured, and richly experienced.

This does not necessarily imply superiority of birth, extraordinary advantages in schools, nor even a superfluity of gifts and graces.

Life is complete within the compass of its own inevitable limitations and environments, or else it can not be complete at all.

Neither does the idea of completeness imply that a life must be closed, that is, lived through and finished before it can be pronounced complete. A babe's life, as such, may be the acme of completeness, and so may be that of a scholastic, or of a simple-minded saint.

A complete life, full-orbed and attractive, however, does imply that the natural endowments, whatever they may be, are in normal use, that the mental equipment is in good development, and that the extraordinary gifts and graces which come only by a harmonious reconciliation of the will of the creature with the will of the Creator are in full realization.

A man or woman alert to be and do all that is possible in the practical, civil, educational, and religious spheres of life is at the threshold of completeness, no matter how youthful, circumscribed, or impeded. To do the best possible under all the conditions and circumstances is to meet the expectation of God, of angels, and of reasonable people.

And there are persons who live such lives easily. They have come into the world with exactly the mental, spiritual, and physical traits which admit of such training and adaptation as tend to make their lives models of completeness in all that human beings aspire to, commend, and love. They stand out as "burning and shining lights," and are hailed as leaders and exemplars in the rare art of perfect living. They "make good" in all the ways recognized as the very best. They are welcomed to any circle because fitted for any service. Advantages and privileges are accorded to them because they are themselves



A SHINING LIGHT



Pleadings of the Heart

the makers and exponents of these things. The good they do to others by right living entitles them, by a sort of common consent, to large measures of the good which they thus bring into view.

Such people are, as a rule, an ambitious lot. They steadily qualify themselves to take instant advantage of everything desirable that happens to come their way; and if it does n't happen to come, they go after it.

They work with whole hearts, play with whole hearts, and are never apathetic or cold.

They choose the work they are best fitted for and the play that will bring them the greatest joy.

They are learners, discerners, and skillful turners. They abound with information and are always seeking more. They turn every event to some kind of profit, ever growing wiser, better, happier, or more alert. They are always climbing up to richer things, or else getting down to harder, plainer, and more resolute everyday grinding. They are the salt of the earth all the time, when they are not cities set on hills where they can not be hid.

It is in this way that bright names take their places in the calendars of saints, heroes, reformers, benefactors, teachers, and other worthies. Great life is first lived and then gloriously honored.

To live the complete life—the very highest, richest, and best possible to humanity—should be the ambition of each and all.

To be wise, true, pure, noble, useful, genuine, influential, and up-beckoning is a motive worthy of the highest talent and good enough for reward in eternity.

To be recognized as in some degree measuring up to this exalted ideal is an honor worthy of royalty.

We all know such persons. They may not be perfect, but to us they are complete. They live the full-orbed life, and in the charm of their presence we instinctively concede the possibility of a human being, under favorable conditions, going on to perfection.

A MANLY MAN

Sing the praise of Edward Stover,
Manly man of old Port Dover;
True as steel to right and duty,
Full of love for moral beauty,
Happy in correct endeavor,
Yielding to base passion never,
Swayed by principle the highest,
Moved by motive pure, unbiased.

Sing the praise of Edward Stover,
Worthy citizen of Dover:
Sheltered by a modest dwelling,
Just in buying and in selling,
At the front in true advancement,
Proud of every man's enhancement,
Every cause of good assisting,
Every evil firm resisting.

Sing the praise of Edward Stover,
Homely saint of old Port Dover:
In his Church the humblest server,
Worshiping with unfeigned fervor,
Ne'er despising poor or lowly,
In flaw-picking moving slowly,
Recognizing human weakness,
Helping all with skill and meekness.

Sing, I say, the praise of Stover,
Cheery man of old Port Dover:
Up-to-date in every action,
Taking sides with neither faction,
Always poised to strike for freedom,
Using means as he might need 'em,
Learning with the best of learners,
Quickest of the quick discerners.

TRUTH

Man should be established in truth, for truth is man's friend. Truth is a safe guide. Truth opens the doors of eternal life. Truth satisfies both heart and mind.

Error has destroyed her thousands, but truth has never harmed one. Truth conducts her votaries to victory and to God.

Truth is straightforward. Error makes zigzag lines, but truth is always forging straight ahead.

Truth has fiber in it. You can not break it easily, nor crush it.

Truth is precious. It is as pure as gold, and every filing of it has value.

Truth is not always welcome, and is sometimes strange, but is never treacherous, and never forsakes man unless driven away.

Truth is glorious. It is hoary with age, bright with youth, buoyant with strength, and serene with immortality.

Truth is triumphant. It never knows defeat. It may be opposed but not deposed, cast down but not destroyed, cut to pieces but not annihilated.

Time is the best friend of truth, prejudice her greatest enemy, humility her most constant companion, and conceit her most contemptible critic.

Truth is a thing of life. It strengthens by being lived. Whoso practices truth gains more truth.

Truth is sublime in itself. It needs no accretions. The plainer it is, the greater its sublimity.

Truth is independent. It is pleasant to have truth on our side, but safer to be on the side of truth.

Truth should be kept in view. It may lead away from man's favor, but it is sure to conduct to God's throne.

Truth is a matter of the inward parts. It is the man that "speaketh the truth in his heart" that shall abide in the holy hill.



"She Practiced What She Preached"

REV. DEBORAH TRUEHEART

She faced a world of prejudice, and met with bitter scorn,
As bravely she the gospel preached, and aided the forlorn;
She married folks, and ministered to hearts bereaved by death;
Consoled the sick and suffering e'en to their dying breath.

"She's out of place," the critics said; "no woman ought to
preach,"

But all the same she preached the Word to all within her reach;
She preached it publicly sometimes, and personally too;
And practiced what she preached as well as any man could do.

Pleadings of the Heart

Day after day, year after year, her calling she pursued;
The most depraved and wickedest to Jesus Christ she wooed;
She gained respect and love of all as to her motive pure,
And kept attention pointed to God's lasting moral cure.

In course of time her lovely brow was crowned with snowy
hair;
Her beaming countenance betrayed a life-long load of care;
Yet on her lips the gospel tale was ever fresh and new,
The "dead line" in her brave career could never come in view.

And those who once had scorned her work, preferring preacher
men,
Would often say, when she had called, "I wish she'd come
again;"
She was so true a minister none could her "call" gainsay;
The good she did was manifest unto her dying day.

EXPERIENCE

The deeper you go in some mines, the richer the ore you find.
Deep ore beds are considered permanent and of great value.

Heart experience which is deep is likewise precious and
stable. Mere feeling does not disturb it; ridicule can not reach
it; opposition deepens it. "I know whom I have believed." This
is positive testimony supporting deep experimental truth.

Experience gives practical wisdom. It has in it the test of
trial. It can bear responsibility and suffering.

Heart experience shows what faith can do, for it is itself the
fruit of faith. By faith are ye saved.

Heart experience fosters concern for the welfare of others,
and in lifting them up, it augments its own delight.

Heart experience brings a consciousness of divinity within,
cherishing, inspiring, enlightening, endearing, and enduring,
forming a relationship more intimate and sweet than that of

Every Life A Delight

friend with friend. "There is none upon earth whom I desire beside Thee."

Heart experience brings courage for any rightful undertaking. No man who knows that God is with him can be a moral coward.

Heart experience insures inward bliss. It means finding bliss at the Infinite Source of all bliss. There is no other way known to men so surely and invariably delightful.

FRIEND OR FOE, WHICH?

Friend and foe are opposites. No man can be my friend and at the same time my foe.

Likewise my friend can not be the friend of my foe. If he is with me, he is not with my enemy.

In ancient story we are told of a man who was "the friend of God." That man's biography shows that he was never the friend of God's enemies.

The Divine Master said, "Ye are My friends if ye do whatsoever I command you." One of His commands is to "Leave all and follow Me."

To obey this command is to become a friend of the Master. The obedience implies two things: (1) Separation from the Master's enemies, whether evil men, evil principles, or evil practices.

It is related of Hamilcar, the famous Carthaginian, that he conducted his young son, Hannibal, to the temple of their god and then, placing the child's hand on the altar, made him swear to be an eternal foe to the Romans, the enemies of their country.

Hannibal kept that vow, for never did Roman emperor have a more determined foe.

So when a man becomes the friend of God he is expected to swear on the altar perpetual enmity to all that God hates, whether it be found in his own heart or the hearts of others.

(2) Obedience implies consecration to the Master's service, and this involves doing all we can for Him.

Pleadings of the Heart

Some of the pupils of Socrates, who were greatly attached to him, agreed to give him a present, each one as he was able.

The pupils who possessed wealth brought costly gifts, others less able brought humble offerings, and at length all had given something excepting one young man, who approached the philosopher and said:

"My master, I love you as much as any of your pupils can, and am deeply sensible of my obligations to you, but I am too poor to purchase anything worthy of your acceptance, so I will give you myself. I will be your servant, and by loving, faithful labors I will try to make some returns for your goodness to me."

Socrates, deeply moved, replied: "I gladly accept your offering—you shall be mine—and I promise to return you to yourself a great deal better than you are now."

Socrates meant that, by strict discipline and training, he would correct what was imperfect in the young man, and make him all that it was possible for him to become.

So there are some persons who can not place on God's altar great wealth, nor bright gifts, but they can give themselves, than which there is no offering more acceptable.

All persons who do this are assured of becoming far better than otherwise they ever can be, and of enjoying a friendship than which there is none higher, more exalting, more satisfactory, or promiseful.

"Henceforth I call you My friends." What if the greatest Monarch of earth should say that to us?

The friend of God reaps endless good,
Although he sows in tears;
Eternal peace beyond the flood
Of life's turmoil and fears.

A NEW HEART

"Out of the heart are the issues of life." If those "issues" are not happy, the heart itself should be changed.

That the heart can be radically changed has been known for at least three thousand years, when a famous king cried, "Create in me a clean heart," and, later, "He hath put a new song in my mouth."

About a thousand years later still a certain officer named Nicodemus approached a certain great Teacher under cover of night to pay Him a compliment, and the Teacher said:

"Ye must be born again."

The officer responded in effect: "It is absurd; physical conditions make a new birth impossible."

But the Teacher suggested, "Born of the Spirit."

Some years later than this a world-famed scholar who had been wondrously led to talk about new things, framed from his own experience such phrases as these: "A new creature," "the new man," "Behold, all things are become new."

And through all the centuries since there have been found many excellent people, some of them very prominent, who have talked much about the new heart and the new life, as if they are among the most common and enjoyable of all the experiences of earth.

Thus the poet:

Take my soul and body's powers:
Take my memory, mind, and will:
All my goods, and all my hours,
All I know, and all I feel:
All I think, or speak, or do;
Take my heart, but make it new.

That poet found his quest, and to his dying day sang praises about the cheeriness of his own soul, made so by the God of his life.

SEARCH FOR THE ABIDING

Though a transitory being upon the earth, man is ever searching for the permanent and abiding, and nothing else seems to satisfy his longings.

In this world everything is changing. The mountains are washing down. Inland seas are drying up. The Niagara gorge is growing longer. The seasons vary with the cycles. Even the sun is growing cold. Man dieth and wasteth away. Mutation is written upon all things.

Yet man courts that which will stay, and he finds consolation in nothing else. Search where he will, all is passing, passing, even the searcher himself.

There are two things, however, which have staying qualities in them, and they are backed up by the oath of God. One of them is the character of Christ, and the other is the hope of His followers. For nineteen hundred years these things have not changed one iota, and should the world stand thousands of years longer, they will still be "immutable" and furnish their "strong consolation."

And these immutable things are as inspiring as they are permanent. The progress and heroism of the world have grown out from them, and they stand forth to-day as the strongest incentives to useful living and noble daring which mankind has.

An Eternal Savior and an Immortal Hope. These are the rocks of refuge standing high above the world's mortalities and vicissitudes. They loom up like beacons on dangerous shores, as guides to safety and unbounded comfort.

Mighty men of faith and action whose records live like the years of God have steered their barks by these fadeless lights and have found secure anchorage beyond the storms of life.

No trustworthy substitutes for these established verities have ever yet been found, and really none are needed. These satisfy. They take on strength with duration, for they have in them the elements of eternity.

ANGEL OF THE EARTH

Sweet Mercy! Spirit of the skies,
Our troubled earth o'er-hovering;
On thee the helpless soul relies
When from its woes recovering.

Uplifted, bending to our need,
In tenderness unfailing,
Regardless of our guilt or creed,
Our fainting hope regaling.

In beauteous form, with gentle tread,
And silent ministration;
With eye undimmed, divinely led,
Bestowing consolation.

Since time began and misery reached
The range of human action,
Thou hast to such as have beseeched
Brought boundless benefaction.

Thou breath of God, enrobed in light,
In essence pure and holy;
Familiar with Empyrean height
And earthly vale most lowly,

On thee we fix our dying thought,
As closes life's reliance;
The sweetest peace to mortals brought
Comes through thy mystic science.

Thou peerless angel of the earth—
Supremest friend of friendless—
We crown thee queen! To death, from birth,
Yielding devotion endless!



"SPIRIT OF THE SKIES"

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PATH AMONG THE STARS

Afar in the ethereal blue,
Where stars their vigils keep,
A path awaits the brave and true
Up the eternal steep.

Into that path our feet will turn
When we pursue our quest,
And through exalting influence yearn
To gain those hills of rest.

Then fitting gifts and virtues rare
Our spirits will adorn,
As in firm faith the heights we dare
And toward the stars are borne.

And some near day, refined and tried,
By discipline made bright,
Uplifted in the ether tide,
We'll take the final flight.

Earth will grow dim; the moon will wane;
The sun in space recede;
While we among the stars shall train
In high celestial deed.

LIGHT AT EVENING

How calm the evening! see the falling day
Gilds every mountain with a ruddy ray!
In gentle sighs the softly whisp'ring breeze
Salutes the flowers, and waves the trembling trees.

At evening time it shall be light. Millions of people have found it so, although throughout life's day they have dreaded the shadows at its close.

When a leaf is new and green it clings to the stem, but when it becomes brown and sere it easily drops away.

In the morning of life man dreads to die, but as age abates his strength he usually cares less about the inevitable end.

Bishop Horne uses this figure: "When we rise fresh and vigorous in the morning, the world seems fresh, too, and we think we shall never be tired of business or pleasure; but by the time the evening is come, we find ourselves heartily so; we quit all our enjoyments readily and gladly; we retire willingly into a little cell; we lie down in darkness, and resign ourselves to the arms of sleep, with perfect satisfaction and complacency. Apply this to youth and old age—life and death."

There are exceptions, however, to this rule. The longer some people live, the more they want to live, especially while they can be active, comfortable, and happy. And surely it is a legitimate wish that after a long life of hard work there should be an evening time of serenity and sweetness, and such enjoyments as are suitable to waning vitality and ripening emotions. A great many aged men and women have better times than pitying youth may surmise.



A GLORIOUS SUNSET

THE
FOLIO
L. 1. 1. 1.

THE LIFE IMMORTAL

The idea of immortality meets the cravings of all rational minds. There is no sweeter thought than that of living forever.

There are three aspects of immortality, any one of which is a striking feature.

1. There is the idea of undying existence. How beautiful to think that "there shall be no more death!"

2. The undying existence is to be continuous. There will be no break in it. The body dies, but the soul lives on.

3. This continuous, deathless existence will be incorruptible, "This corruption must put on incorruption."

Connected with every phase of the doctrine of a future life there are difficulties; but faith overcomes them.

The believer has no more difficulties to contend with than the unbeliever, nor as many.

It is now held that materialism is an impossible interpretation of the mental life, and the idea of it seems to be vanishing from solid rational thought.

On the other hand, it seems to be conceded that the doctrine of a future life is not contrary to established facts of science and philosophy.

Nothing is known which forbids the hope of surviving death in permanent and glorious life.

The human mind instinctively protests against annihilation, while New Testament hope fills the soul with joy and peace.

Man is constituted with an aspiration for life in the presence of the great Life-giver. "My soul thirsteth for God."

Immortality alone explains and justifies the existence of man and the universe. "We are the people of His pasture."

Rev. Edward Judson once said, "The soul is the enigma; God and immortality are the solution."

Hence the familiar words of Young:

'T is immortality—'t is that alone
Amid life's pains, abasements, emptiness,
The soul can comfort, elevate, and fill;
That only, and that amply, this performs.

THE WORLD NOT SEEN

They tell me of a fadeless world,
Unseen by mortal eyes,
Where life's bright emblem ne'er is furled
Beneath the cloudless skies.

They tell me of its river clear
Of ever-flowing life,
Where beauteous, blooming trees appear
With leaves of healing rife.

No sickness there—they tell me so;
No fear, nor death, nor tears;
No pain nor sorrow, want nor woe,
Through the unending years.

They tell me of its glad new songs;
Of songsters clothed in white;
Of happy, growing, glowing throngs
Of new-born sons of light.

The present world I know and see,
Its keen emotions feel;
Its life and love appeal to me,
Attractive, sweet, and real.

And can it be that, hid from view,
There is a brighter clime,
With life forever young and new,
Untouched by ruthless Time?

I want to know, for grasp is light
On what I cherish here;
I soon must leave each fond delight,
And all I hold most dear.

Pleadings of the Heart

So tell me of that world unseen!
Unfold its glories bright!
Assure me of its life serene,
With neither death nor night.

I want to see its rivers flow,
To hear its people sing;
Among its sunlit hills to go,
And to its raptures cling.

I want to breathe its balmy air,
And feel its vigor thrill,
Its perfect rest and pleasure share,
And all its end fulfill.

I want to live where grief is not,
Where love by love is met;
Where futile tears can never blot
A record of regret.

Then tell me of that unseen world,
Where life immortal blooms;
Where darts of death are never hurled,
And people build no tombs.

THE COMING CREED

"Faith of our fathers!" Sweet the tone
Of loyal pledge to martyr creed;
Nor can the sons the faith disown
That speaks the world's supremest need.

"We will be true!" Though sword and fire
In crucial test no longer flash;
Base passion's slaves fill dungeons dire,
And spirit foes in conflict clash.

Truth, then, must live, though forms decay,
And living truth meet deathless need;
Man freed, love throned, death shorn, must stay,
As substance of the coming creed.

So perish prisons, fire, and sword!
Devotion, love, and faith live on!
Survive the Spirit and the Word
Till guilt and wrong and woe are gone!

THE LAST HOUR

Youth views life's final, parting hour
As æons yet away;
Kind Nature doth the soul empower
To dream of life for aye;
Far off drear age, cold death, the grave;
Afar the vacant chair;
Far off the swell of sorrow's wave,
The solemn hymn and prayer.

In manhood, too, the funeral dirge
Seems yet a distant note;
In healthful tone life's forces surge:
The end appears remote;

Pleadings of the Heart

Strangers may die, some friends may fail;
Children may wed and go;
Yet strength and love and hope prevail
Against the final foe.

But tottering age, in swift-winged years,
Finds changed the point of view;
The haze on evening landscape clears,
E'en sunsets now are new;
The dreamless sleep can not be far;
Vain, vain to quail or cower!
Sad, sad, should mortal terrors mar
The peace of life's last hour!



"The Inexorable Reaper"

THE FIRST HOUR BEYOND

If death be naught but change of state,
And conscious life flow on,
What new bright scenes our souls await
When we from earth have gone!

How look the skies to spirit eye?
What find we first in air?
How will it seem to mount and fly?
Have spirits fear or care?

How strange to see the earth recede,
The sun's far side to view;
To race through space at comet-speed
And bid the stars adieu!

Will there be bound to spirit-flight?
Will there be need of rest?
How soon God's city shall we sight,
And nestle on His breast?

What is the tone of angel voice?
How look the harps of gold?
Can spirits just arrived rejoice
With all the saints of old?

Shall we meet friends of other years
The moment we take wing?
How speak our joy, if not in tears,
As to their hearts we cling?

If we within one hour beyond
May heavenly heights explore,
O then, what flights and visions fond
In endless ages more!



Sincerely yours Helen Keller

PART SIXTH
THE DEPRESSING FACTORS

IN rough-plowed fields of pain or woe
Our rich delights we glean;
Few hearts can e'er a rapture know
Except through anguish keen.

AFFLICTIONS

Humanity has always been a sufferer. The records show one poor fellow of four thousand years ago the victim of horrible ulcers covering his whole body. His nurse could not stay near him. Even his wife, standing at a distance from the stench, told him to "Curse God and die."

But the fellow would not curse. He dressed his own wounds, refused to repine, and wrote a book on patience that has blessed lots of people and made his name immortal. Everybody knows Job.

The truth is, there are few afflictions which have no compensations. In 1750 John Brown, himself diseased and half-deranged, was moved to pen these lines:

Now, let us thank the Eternal Power, convinced
That heaven tries our virtue by affliction's ways;
That oft the cloud which wraps the present hour
Serves but to brighten all our future days.

A great many noble people have gone under affliction's cloud, yet have come out from it bright and shining.

There was Dr. Samuel Johnson, the great lexicographer, whose face was utterly disfigured by malignant scrofula, injuring both his sight and hearing; yet he would not give up, and at the age of sixty-seven took up the study of Greek and Latin, finding worlds of satisfaction in it. In his old age he read the *Ænied* through in twelve nights, fairly gloating over the pleasure of it, and six months before his death, which occurred from a surgical operation for the relief of his dropsy, he requested a distinguished musician to teach him the scales of music, saying that he would find "the pleasure of a new sense in it."

Then there was the good and great Dr. Taylor Lewis, "as deaf as a post," yet a mighty scholar and a very useful man. Also Dr. John Kitto, who referred to the solitude of his own spirit with such evident painfulness, who had lost the power of hearing when twelve years of age, yet became a bright litterateur himself, and a great helper to other men of letters.

Every Life A Delight

The world is full of afflicted people. Hardly one person in a hundred is perfectly sound. Our most common form of salutation, "How are you?" affords a chance for numberless complaints. It is a relief to hear the glad response, "I am well."

Afflictions seem to be beneficial to some people.

"The good are better made by ill,
As odors crushed are sweeter still."

As a gem is polished by friction, so a man is often brightened by affliction.

Our poet Longfellow made this confession: "It has done me good to be somewhat parched by the heat and drenched by the rain of life."

Most of us do not want to be too much sun-burned nor pelted too hard by storms, but a little of the rough won't hurt us.

"The soul that suffers is stronger than the soul that rejoices." Just as a sweeping wind toughens the fibers of the oak, so the cyclones of pain and grief may settle us in our places and make us more serviceable to somebody.

Sometimes affliction serves to discover to us our weakness, and we are then helped to find a cure, and so the outcome is good.

At any rate, afflictions will and do come, and whether light or heavy, we have got to bear them, or get rid of them, and we may as well do so cheerfully.

THE JOY OF TEARS

We weep for joy, not grief,
The joy of sweet relief
From pains acute and heartaches;
We weep for love, not hate,
Love of emotion great,
When life in misery partakes.

The Depressing Factors

Tears supplement our smiles!
Their presence ne'er defiles
The fountains of our gladness;
They flow and cleanse and cure,
Make sorrow's remnant pure,
And check our moods of badness.

Our tears are drops of power!
They form the softening shower
Which sprouts the seeds of heaven—
The seeds implanted deep,
For harvest soon to reap,
In comfort angel-given.

Tears beautify the face!
Think of a tearless race,
Without one tender feeling!
What frozen hearts were there!
What risings of despair,
In plights the blood congealing!

The tearless grief inflames!
It bleeds within, and maims
The buoyant normal spirit.
Ope wide the ducts! Let flow
The stream of inward woe,
Nor ever scorn or fear it!

Give joyous thanks for tears,
The counterparts of fears;
They serve their own blest mission.
Tears last but for their day,
Our God shall wipe away
All tears of sad contrition.

IN SILENCE AND DARKNESS

Total blindness is, perhaps, the saddest physical affliction that can befall a human being.

Never to see the sunshine, the landscape, the water, the faces of friends, ah! this is terrible.

Next in sadness to complete blindness is absolute deafness.

Never to hear the voices of kindred, the song of birds, the murmur of the breeze, the ripple of the stream, ah! this is also terrible.

But when these terrible afflictions are visited upon one person, what language can portray the pitiableness of the double calamity?

In Helen Adams Keller the two afflictions unite. She was deprived of the power of vision and of hearing at the tender age of nineteen months. She has no recollection of ever looking upon an object or of hearing a human voice.

Miss Keller was born at Tuscumbia, Ala., June 27, 1880, and first gained a sense of abstract ideas through the instruction of Miss Anna Mansfield Sullivan, now better known as Mrs. Macy, who still attends her as an indispensable companion.

At the age of twenty, when she had well begun to think for herself, Miss Keller entered Radcliffe College, and, after a hard struggle with her disabilities, was graduated with honor as A. B. in 1904.

The fact that she can now in public or private speak quite fluently, with a voice that carries quite a distance and in language easily understood, expressing original ideas with clearness and discussing current events intelligently, is, as it has well been called "a modern miracle," and nothing like it in all the history of education was ever before achieved.

Miss Keller is a typical American girl, or would be if her sight and hearing were normal. She is above medium height, rather slender in person, with an expressive countenance and a warm, cheery manner.

The Depressing Factors

She does a great deal of literary and platform work, and has been widely heralded as "the best known woman in the world."

A great future is before her. She has an indomitable will and unlimited energy, and she thinks and speaks for herself.

She is quick in answering any questions that may suddenly be propounded to her, and her replies indicate mastery in thought and language.

When applauded, she pauses for the sounds to subside, and she declares that she can hear applause with her feet, feeling the vibration of the floor, and also feeling the stir of air upon her face.

She distinguishes the difference betwixt daylight and darkness by noticing that the light is warmer and makes her feel brighter, and that there are more odors in the air.

She says that she can "taste" her food by smelling it, since the faculty of taste was destroyed with her sight and hearing.

By feeling of the face and hands of a friend she can tell whether the individual is glad or sad, and sometimes can guess the subject of conversation.

In her public addresses she often affirms that we are all bound together in this world; that we live by each other and for each other; and that we are dependent on each other for all the joy or sorrow we have. She particularly rejoices when in any way she can bring a ray of light to other souls.

"Are there not those," she sometimes asks, "who look up at the stars without emotion?" Yet she will reply, "They shine in my thoughts forever, though as yet I have not caught their faintest gleam."

Miss Keller is a hopeful soul, taking optimistic views of life, and uttering many thoughts calculated to cheer those around her. It is told that at a tea in Boston she took to task a novelist who had become pessimistic because his last book had fallen flat.

"You say we have outgrown our illusions," she remarked, "but is not that the greatest illusion of all?"

Few people who see and hear perfectly could formulate so apt and poetic an epigram.

HELEN ADAMS KELLER

Blind and deaf! And once was dumb!
Yet seeing worlds, and hearing all
The music of the spheres!
A world within; a world of heart;
A soul attuned to higher harmonies
Than those of earth. A voice acquired,
And speech that all can understand.
A spirit rich in wealth that lasts.
A mind with forceful thought endowed.
A leader in the happy life. A form
Commanding, graceful, pleasing to the sight.
A face expressive of a will to win.

Blind and deaf! O God!
Is mercy dead with Thee? Thy creature
Sightless in a soundless world!
Is human pity greater than divine?

Hush, my soul! This maiden fair has life
Where heaven ever touches earth. Where eyes
And ears are both eclipsed
By vision more exalted, and by melody
That flows from an ethereal harp.
Her heaven begins before her flesh can fail.
She dwells in bowers of beauty all her own.
She sees what natural eye can not—
The beauty which angelic minds admire.

Love her! Laud her! Mistress of the art
Of mastery in life's divinest things!



OLIVER GOLDSMITH

MARRED, YET UNDAUNTED

Any man who can, in forty-six years of life, immortalize his own name, and do it, too, with the pen, not the sword, must be a genius.

Oliver Goldsmith, the talented Irishman, did this. Though poverty-stricken in youth and a spendthrift in manhood, his brilliant mind was, nevertheless, a passport to high circles.

Possibly his own misfortunes tended to give him mastery. While yet a schoolboy he was stricken with small-pox, which so disfigured his face that he was obliged to abandon his youthful companionships and seek private tuition. This source of life-long sadness did not daunt him, however; he had set out to win a place in the world, and win it he did.

He traveled much, once starting for America, but he missed his ship and returned home penniless.

Every Life A Delight

For a time he practiced medicine, but his fees were small, and he suffered for the necessities of life.

Sometimes he would pawn his own clothes and borrow others. Sometimes he could pay his room rent only by writing articles which his landlord had to sell as best he could.

But he was a warm-hearted fellow, jovial in disposition, and made friends easily.

From childhood he had shown a literary tendency, scribbling verses before he was seven years old, and writing street ballads when yet in his teens, selling them at a dollar each to obtain means of subsistence.

He also told stories, played the flute, sang songs, and did almost anything to earn a penny and win popular confidence.

Before the age of thirty-five he brought out "The Traveler," and everybody praised the book. Then followed "The Vicar of Wakefield," and soon that almost peerless poem, "The Deserted Village."

His fame spread far, his income grew large, his expenditures larger, and his friends became legion. His name was on everybody's lips.

When he died, as some thought, through worry over his debts, public grief was intense. Old and infirm people sobbed on the stairs of his apartments. The good Doctor Johnson grieved in bitter silence. The impassioned Burke burst into tears, and Sir Joshua Reynolds dropped his pencil; left his studio, and abandoned himself to sorrow. Success can be won in spite of drawbacks when a strong man so wills.

DISAPPOINTMENTS

Here is the testimony of an old man: "When I was young, I was poor; when old I became rich; but in each condition I found disappointment, for when I had the faculties for enjoyment, I had not the means; when the means came, the faculties were gone."

Perhaps no man of caliber ever gets far on his way without meeting with bitter, soul-searching disappointment. It seems to be the common lot.

They who expect much never get all, while those who look for little seldom find that.

Many men strive earnestly to be successful, and often almost achieve it, only to have their hopes dashed to the ground by some adverse fortune, and they go down to their graves feeling that they have never been appreciated, or accorded their just dues.

Were an example to be chosen to illustrate this fact, it might be that of John Fitch, an American inventor who was one of the first to think about the use of steam.

One Sunday in April, 1785, Fitch was walking to church when some wealthy people dashed by him in a chaise, and the thought came to him, why not get up a machine that would go without a horse to draw it?

He accordingly went to work that same week upon a steam road-wagon, but when the bad roads were suggested to him, he applied his ingenuity to a steamboat, and actually constructed one that ran eight miles an hour, making its first trip from Philadelphia to Burlington in 1786.

He then formed a steam-packet company, but it soon failed. He next went to France to try his steam navigation projects there, but did not succeed.

The world was not ready for such improvements, and John Fitch's hopes were sadly blighted. After varying fortunes, mostly misfortunes, he died in Ohio, leaving this request:

"Bury me on the banks of the Ohio, that I may lie where

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the song of the boatman will enliven the stillness of my resting-place, and the music of the engines soothe my spirit."

This was construed as a mournful prophecy, which he had once formulated in words, that his invention would yet be adopted and make some one else rich.

MISTAKES

Who has not made mistakes? And who has not suffered in mind because of them?

The mistakes of my life have been many,
The sins of my heart have been more;
And I scarce can see for weeping,
But I'll enter that open door.

A woman who had married unfortunately, on celebrating her silver wedding, said sadly, "Twenty-five years of mistake."

Other women, and men, too, could tell of similar heartaches if they would.

Heartaches, however, often bring their own correction. Gladstone allowed that no man ever became great or good except through many and grievous mistakes.

Persons who make no mistakes never make anything. Show me a man who never blunders and I'll show you a man who never thunders.

There is one way of avoiding mistakes, and that is, to die.

Persons who claim to make no mistakes probably make more than others.

The worst mistake any one can make is to derive no profit from those made.

Cicero remarked that any man can make a mistake, but only a fool will continue it.

The trouble with most people is that, if they do not repeat old mistakes, they make enough new ones to keep themselves in a pickle.

The humorist very fittingly remarked, "It is probably just as well that a man's facilities for kicking himself are hopelessly inadequate."



RICHES TAKE WINGS

LOSSES

Perhaps the most helpful lessons learned in this world are from misfortunes and losses, not from successes and gains.

Many people do not seem to know what value and blessing really are until deprived of them, and then they are disconsolate.

It takes heavy losses sometimes to bring men to their senses, so that they begin to realize that every hold on earthly things is uncertain and disappointing.

Losses, in the order of their importance, may be enumerated as, loss of character, loss of reputation, loss of health, loss of property, and loss of ease.

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There are people to whom the loss of property seems the hardest to bear of anything. Thousands of hearts, those of women as well as men, have been utterly broken by calamities which have swept only their possessions away, not themselves.

And in many of these cases imagination has really wrought more injury to the broken-hearted than did the calamity itself. The sense of disgrace, fear of want, despair of reparation, and forced changes in situations have all combined to deepen the misery and dishearten the spirit.

Losses are usually felt most severely when they come in advanced life, when weakness and infirmity make new accumulation impossible.

Happy the old man who, in time of calamity, has brave and sensible sons to rally to his aid, cheer him up, promise him relief, and vow to support him any way. The beauty of youth never appears to better advantage than when ministering consolation to faithful but unfortunate parents who are deprived of income and home and comfort by shocking reverses.

Of all the material losses known to life, perhaps the greatest loss of all is inability to bear the loss heroically, or at least philosophically. In the order of events, men have to let go of things anyway; why should they become embittered, frenzied, and despairing because the blow may happen to fall a few months or years before they expected it?

That old adage, "He who foresees calamities suffers them twice over," has a counterpart in this, "He who allows calamities to ruin his life is doubly ruined."

The Depressing Factors

LONELINESS

The world is full of lonely hearts. Some are made lonely by the ravages of death, some by misfortune, and some by their own strange moods.

Endearing companionships on earth are rare, yet without them life is very apt to be an experience in isolation of spirit.

Many people fail to find kindred spirits, and others lose them after finding them. Satisfactory friendships are as frail as they are few.

Broken hearts are all around us: disconsolate Rachels weeping for their children; widowed women, tearful in their gloom; innocent children crying in the night and crying in the light for the parent that can never return.

I'm lonely since my mother died,
Though friends and kindred gather near;
I can not check the rising tide,
Nor stay the falling of a tear.

But there is one good feature about loneliness—it can not be handed down to others. We shall perhaps each be lonely in turn, but our personal loneliness will go into the grave with us. What a fine arrangement that is! Sufficient unto each life is the loneliness thereof.



COURTESY LESLIE'S WEEKLY. COPYRIGHTED 1913

THE TITANIC'S TERRIBLE DOOM

At midnight, April 14, 1912, the largest and finest ship in the world, built at the cost of eight million dollars, struck an iceberg four hundred miles off the coast of Newfoundland and later sank. About twenty-two hundred persons were on board, of whom about sixteen hundred perished. The calamity produced a heartache as widespread and lasting as any of history.

THE TITANIC

Deep down in ocean cavern vast,
Forever hid from view,
The peerless ship is rudely cast,
With passengers and crew.

No more her pennants bright shall wave!
No more her lights shall shine!
No monument can mark her grave
In that exploreless brine.

Around her proud and stately sides
Deep-ocean eddies play,
Where, in the cold and murky tides,
Sea-monsters sport and prey.

Roll on, O waves! her requiem sing!
Keep silence, caverns deep!
The while her dead together cling
In long and dreamless sleep.

And as the future ages roll,
Till seas shall yield their dead,
Titanic's fate shall stir the soul
With horror keen and dread.

REGRET

O depth of grief! O pain of mind!
O longing for the vanished hand!
O sorrow keen! O woe enshrined!
O record that must ever stand!

What joy was mine! What dear concern!
What satisfaction in my own!
But now what fires of anguish burn
Where once such sweetness had its throne!

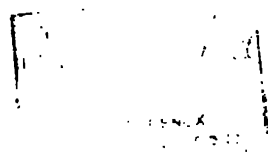
O mourning deep for heartless word!
O penitence for blind neglect!
O fell remorse by memory stirred,
For love and trust so rudely wrecked!

O idol of my heart, return!
Let me but speak the word once spurned!
Let me recall the words I mourn!
Let me but act on truth since learned!

Come back! Come back! my loved and lost!
For one brief hour by grace impelled!
Too late I learn the boundless cost
Of thoughtless speech and love withheld!



"MY LOVED AND LOST"



LONG JOY AND SHORT SORROW

They err who speak of long sorrow and short joy. The reverse is the truth.

Real joy rarely ends, while most sorrow is short-lived. People are built that way.

God never intended man for eternal mourning, any more than He made the winds to be always sighing. Nature's days are mostly bright; cloudy ones are exceptions.

Summer warmth lasts longer than winter cold. The genial sunshine never flits away to leave us sad.

The brightness of summer is a flash of divine love; the lesser brightness of winter is not a frown, but a resting spell.

Winter snow is Nature's bridal robe, not a burial shroud; the long night-shadows are transitory, while the glory of sea and sky is enduring.

Nature exhibits more light colors than blacks. Morning and noon are dazzling, and few are the evenings without their moonlight or star-shine.

Man's experience of grief comes only at intervals; it may be keen while it lasts, but his seasons of delight are numberless.

Many are too prone to magnify their sorrows and to minify their joys. This is inconsistent. Were experience the reverse of what it is, such a habit would be shocking.

Most of us live in long rounds of joyous reverie and happy experience, broken only now and then as needful reminders that heaven is not yet quite ushered in.

When life is what it should be, man is gathering fruit for the future, and certainly the harvest time is generally propitious.

Good times are ours, friends, if we only know it, and heaven can be no more than growth eternal of everything good.

A PROMOTER OF HEARTACHES

In ages past a habit was formed among mankind which has ever been the promoter of heartaches. It is the liquor habit.

With its accompanying evils, it has produced more misery in human life than war, famine, and pestilence combined.

It exempts from its ravages no class or clan, sex or age, position or vocation, but turns its victims everywhere into tubs of swill, spirits of unrest, things below beasts.

Its effects on the home are ruinous—houses without windows, barns without roofs, gardens without fences, fields without tillage, children without clothing, sons without principle, daughters without morals, wives without hope.

A drunkard is his own shame, his neighbor's scoff, his family's sorrow, his nation's burden, his Creator's cast-off.

Drunkenness is a voluntary madness; it makes man a maniac; it brutalizes, demoralizes, and mutilates; it is destructive of self, and evokes no sympathy, hardly ever pity.

A drunkard, when sober, despises himself, is filled with remorse, wishes himself dead, and often becomes a suicide.

Drunkenness qualifies for other vices, but never blots out a vice. It aggravates other diseases, but never itself leaves the system. It is the prime minister of death, always anticipates the work of age, and utilizes fevers, palsies, dropsies, gout, asthmas, dyspepsias, and all the other ills of earth to drive man out of the world as long as possible before his time.

ROUGH SPECIMENS

There are some bad people in this world—no mistake about that; but even the worst probably do not consider themselves much worse than the best. They are more likely to think themselves unfortunate than absolutely bad.

Go into any public prison and talk with the inmates. One man will tell how he drifted along in crime, not meaning to be an

The Depressing Factors

abandoned character, but was held in crime, as it were, by some sort of a strange spell until he woke up and found himself behind the bars.

Another will lay the blame for his misfortune upon drink, or bad associations, or extreme poverty, or irresistible temptation, or to some other circumstances beyond his control. He did not mean to be a wretch.

Badness is, of course, a matter of degree. The thief is not considered so brutal as the murderer, nor the defaulter quite as low as the thief; and every criminal in the land is believed to be capable of becoming worse.

It is also a fact that people who are convicted of crime and condemned to prison uniformly believe that there are just as many bad ones out of prison who ought to be in it, as there are bad ones in it who think they ought to be out. Here, again, the idea of being unfortunate crops out.

But, out of prison or in, there really are bad people on earth. Life is never quite safe, nor property secure. Dissipation is manifest on every hand. Wicked faces mirror wicked character. There are dens of iniquity bordering on the abandonment of hell. Demons in human shape vie with demons in the infernal pit. If perdition gets no recruits except from earth, it must be growing rapidly.

But there have always been bad people in the world. Murder has as old a history as anything except the giving of life, and there was darkness and chaos before that time. I am not writing theology into this book, but it really looks as though the average man has, and always has had, a bent toward the bad. Shakespeare speaks of those who are "damnable, both sides rogue." A greater than Shakespeare declares that "they are all under sin."

Every Life A Delight

BETTER

Better than pelf a thousand fold,
Better than relics rare and old,
Better than mines of purest gold,
A conscience clear.

Better than diamond, ruby, or pearl,
Better than gayety's giddiest whirl,
Better than title of noble or earl—
A godly fear.

Better than etiquette ever yet gained,
Better than scholarship ever attained,
Better than leadership, real or feigned—
A heavenly lure.

Better than conquests ever yet dreamed,
Better than fortunes ever yet gleaned,
Better than kingdoms ever yet schemed—
A spirit pure.

WICKED FOR PAY

Men do not reason themselves into wickedness. There may be method in the madness of some, but none can feel that their own wickedness is wise.

Neither does wickedness proceed upon any ground of benefit. Crime helps no one, and every man knows it.

Wickedness is a matter of bargain and sale. Sin has wages. Vice is a toilsome pursuit, but men are in it for pay. Satan offered one person a kingdom if he would turn bad.

Wicked men are the greatest drudges in the world. Excess in badness is the biggest drag on energy that mortals know. It is the pay that holds them in it. The wages of sin is death.

Nothing so quickly exhausts the powers of life as viciousness. Carnality is martyrdom to the devil. Nobility is always wrecked when wicked passion steers the ship.

The Depressing Factors

No man is forced into wickedness, therefore he must plunge in for the pay. He is not under the slightest obligation to anybody to do wrong, hence something must entice him to it.

No man is wicked in order to secure the approval of his own conscience. Badness works the other way. There is no sinless sin, and every sinner knows it.

Retribution overtakes wickedness. Penalty follows lawlessness as naturally as reaping follows sowing. Men gather no blessed harvests from vicious seeding.

Such pay as wickedness earns is certain to come. The devil is a sure paymaster. That which a man soweth shall he also reap. Wickedness never reaped anything good, and never will, but its reward of ruin is as inevitable as destiny.

GOOD IN ALL OF US

There's good in all of us, they say.
I think it may be true;
Despite the dirtiness of clay,
It has some value, too.
I saw a sot protect a cat,
A "tough" soothe boyish fears,
A thief restore a stolen hat,
A pugilist in tears;
I saw a robber give a crust
To crippled beggar poor,
Who groveled in the wayside dust;
'T was kind of him, I'm sure.
It may be true that in the deep
Of every human heart
A sediment of good may keep
From badness long apart;
And also true that while the lamp
Still has a wick to burn,
The vilest sinner in the camp
May to his God return;

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But I believe 't were better taste
Not to exhaust the wick,
Nor let much goodness go to waste
In doing Satan's trick.

BEWARE

"Beware of dogs!" said one of old.
The dogs of hate and rancor bold;
The dogs of malice, spleen, and spite;
Ill-mannered dogs, of barkless bite.

"Beware of dogs!" The unrefined,
The snarling, ugly, wolfish kind;
The vicious-eyed, the bull-neck sort,
That bite to kill and think it sport.

"Beware of dogs!" The sullen breed,
With penchant for ferocious deed;
Unplayful, treacherous, untamed,
For fierceness in destruction famed.

"Beware of dogs!" Of dog-like men
Who sulk and hide in secret den;
The low-browed brutes, the heartless hoard,
Whose minds with filth and vice are stored.

"Beware of dogs!" Else choose the best,
The faithful ones, of worth possessed,
Who hail you home, and watch your store,
And make you love them more and more

"Beware of dogs!" The sly, the mean,
Whose dirty tricks excite your spleen;
The dogs of evil, beasts that tear;
Unholy dogs; beware! beware!



THE WOLFISH SORT



THE FAITHFUL ONES

the 1990s, the number of people in the world who are illiterate has increased from 750 million to 850 million. The number of illiterate people in the world is expected to increase to 900 million by the year 2015. The number of illiterate people in the world is expected to increase to 950 million by the year 2020. The number of illiterate people in the world is expected to increase to 1 billion by the year 2025. The number of illiterate people in the world is expected to increase to 1.1 billion by the year 2030. The number of illiterate people in the world is expected to increase to 1.2 billion by the year 2035. The number of illiterate people in the world is expected to increase to 1.3 billion by the year 2040. The number of illiterate people in the world is expected to increase to 1.4 billion by the year 2045. The number of illiterate people in the world is expected to increase to 1.5 billion by the year 2050. The number of illiterate people in the world is expected to increase to 1.6 billion by the year 2055. The number of illiterate people in the world is expected to increase to 1.7 billion by the year 2060. The number of illiterate people in the world is expected to increase to 1.8 billion by the year 2065. The number of illiterate people in the world is expected to increase to 1.9 billion by the year 2070. The number of illiterate people in the world is expected to increase to 2 billion by the year 2075. The number of illiterate people in the world is expected to increase to 2.1 billion by the year 2080. The number of illiterate people in the world is expected to increase to 2.2 billion by the year 2085. The number of illiterate people in the world is expected to increase to 2.3 billion by the year 2090. The number of illiterate people in the world is expected to increase to 2.4 billion by the year 2095. The number of illiterate people in the world is expected to increase to 2.5 billion by the year 2100.

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THE UPWARD CLIMB

Bad as the world is, it is not as bad as it has been. There are signs of improvement.

In the one big fact of sanitation there has been a wholesome advance. There are more people well informed to-day on questions of good health, good morals, and other things good than ever before.

It is an age of light. Education is advancing fast. Even in England, only a century ago, not one-half of the children were sent to school. Education is now the watchword the world over.

Science has also advanced. Methods of reasoning are better than of old. Once they set up a theory, and then looked for facts to support it. Now they take the facts and work out more accurate results.

Popular conviction is clearer than in the olden time. Morality rests upon a safer basis. If conduct was right among the fathers, no more was required, but now there is demand that character be right also.

Church work is gaining ground. In 1800 only one in fifteen of the American people was a Church member; now there is one in every four or five.

Organizations for religious work are more numerous to-day than ever before. This fact proves thoughtfulness along religious lines. Almost every phase of practical work now has a strong organization behind it.

Men have more liberty now than at any former time. It is n't long since both slavery and the slave trade were both practiced and defended. Now both are abolished.

The common talk of people is more refined now than it used to be. Profanity and obscenity are far less conspicuous. Polite society will have none of them.

Gambling is more under ban than it was. The lottery was once a favorite form of benevolence, and schools and colleges—yes, churches, too—were built thereby. Now the lottery is outlawed.

Every Life A Delight

Dueling was once counted a legitimate mode of settling grievances. At present it is considered a relic of barbarism.

There was a time when the brotherhood of man was scarcely recognized. Now the houses of refuge, hospitals, homes for the aged and friendless, shelters for the poor, institutions of rescue, and other agencies of charity and relief are well and cheerfully sustained.

A few decades ago a great public calamity elicited only sympathy; now it calls out dollars by the million as well. The humane feeling is a live wire.

Two thousand years ago, or less, human sacrifices were offered, parents put their own children to death at pleasure, old people were killed to get them out of the way, men fought as gladiators for popular entertainment. Now these things are unknown.

A thousand years ago society was given up to abandonment; lust was dominant over love; brutality characterized all acts; morality and religion were at a low ebb; intolerance was the master trait; heretics were burned by authority; the thirst for blood was rampant. These things have passed, or are passing away.

Humanity is on the up-grade—no mistake about that. This is the best age to live in ever. The nations have better grades of schools, philanthropies, reforms, public utilities, business facilities, political economies, domestic methods, personal conveniences, and other things desirable and pleasing than ever before.

People agree better now than they once did. There is more harmony in the Churches. Truth is better known. Life is lengthening. Society is advancing. The skies are brightening. The only golden age ever known lies just ahead of our progressive age. Three cheers for the upward climb.

SUPERSTITION

Superstition is silly, and must pass away. Nearly all of the old superstitions have become silly to us, and those of our day will become silly to future generations. As the world grows in wisdom, superstition grows in unreasonableness.

Superstition is the burden of the world, and the reproach of the Deity. It does not grow out of religion, but the want of it. "Open biographical volumes wherever you please," said Bulwer, "and the man who has no faith in religion is the one who hath faith in a nightmare and ghosts."

Superstitions do not grow up in a day, nor die in an hour. Only a high degree of enlightenment and the modifying effects of time can expurgate them.

Handed down from one generation to another in tradition, song, and story, they become so interwoven with other traits of character that to root them out is a difficult task.

With some temperaments superstitions are, and always have been, a swaying power.

How superstitiously we mind our evils!
The throwing down salt, or crossing of a hare,
Bleeding at nose, the stumbling of a horse,
Or singing of a cricket, are of power
To daunt whole man in us.

Many of the old superstitions are now unknown, and it is to be hoped that all now current may some day be forgotten, or at least lose their hold. How absurd seem the following:

Sunday's child is full of grace,
Monday's child is full in the face,
Tuesday's child is solemn and sad,
Wednesday's child is merry and glad,
Thursday's child is inclined to thieving,
Friday's child is free in giving,
Saturday's child works hard for his living.

Attention used to be paid to the day on which a child's finger-nails were cut:

Better a child had ne'er been born
Than cut his nails on a Sunday morn.

Every Life A Delight

Friday was regarded as an unlucky day, except as to love omens:

To-night, to-night, is Friday night,
Lay me down in dirty white,
Dream who my husband is to be;
And lay my children by my side,
If I'm to live to be his bride.

The month of May was considered unlucky for marriage:

Marry in May and you 'll rue the day.

But June was thought to be auspicious, because the earth is then clothed in her garments of summer beauty.

The last day of the year was thought favorable for marriage, and as late as 1861, in the eight principal cities of Scotland, there were about five hundred weddings on December 31st, against an average of twenty-five on other days.

Cloudy days were held to be unlucky for weddings, and on sunshiny days weddings were often celebrated on church porches under the belief that the sun should kiss the bride:

Best be the bride that the sun shines on.

It was also thought requisite to good luck that on return from church all pins should be removed from the bride's dress by single women, and each young lady thus gaining possession of a pin was expected to be married within a year.

If the pins were not thus removed, the bride was expected, at the close of the eventful day, to throw away every pin, lest evil fortune should overtake her.

How silly such notions, yet were they much more so than our own up-to-date rice showers?

Superstitious values were once attached to many little acts. Throwing a shoe after the bride was intended as an augury of long life, and throwing it after any other person was the expression of a wish that he might succeed in what he was then going about.

Hurl after an old shoe,
I'll be merry whate'er I doe.

The Depressing Factors

So late a writer as Tennyson has not omitted to speak of this piece of folly:

For this thou shalt from all things seek
Marrow of mirth and laughter;
And wheresoe'er thou move, good luck
Shall throw her old shoe after.

There were many old table superstitions, some of them not even yet outgrown. The number thirteen was supposed to be unlucky because at the last supper of the Master with His chosen disciples, Judas was the thirteenth person. The modern idea in life insurance that one out of every thirteen persons will die within a year has helped to perpetuate the absurd notion as to "unlucky thirteen."

To spill salt at the table, or to cross the knife and fork, was once taken as a sign of trouble or loss:

The salt was spilt, to me it fell,
Then, to contribute to my loss,
My knife and fork were laid across.

A crust of bread carried in the pocket was considered a safeguard against danger:

If ye fear to be affrighted
When ye are, by chance, benighted;
In your pocket for a trust
Carry nothing but a crust,
For that holy piece of bread
Charms the danger and the dread.

The innocent looking-glass once had its terrors. To break one meant "seven years of sorrow," or "the death of the master of the house."

To break a chair meant nothing, but to place a chair against the wall on departing was a sign that the visitor would never return.

Finger rings had significance, especially the settings. A diamond was thought to counteract poison. An opal signified coming misfortune. An emerald insured purity of thought.

Every Life A Delight

To lose or break a ring given as a pledge of fidelity or affection was considered unlucky.

In cutting the finger-nails, adults had to choose an auspicious day: On Monday for health; Tuesday for wealth; Wednesday for news; Thursday for new shoes; Friday for sorrow; Saturday "to see true love to-morrow;" Sunday for "the presence of the devil all the week."

In sneezing, people had to observe the rules: Monday for danger, Tuesday for stranger, Wednesday for a letter, Thursday for something better, Friday for sorrow, Saturday for sweet-heart to-morrow;

Sneeze on Sunday your safety seek,
The de'il will have you the rest of the week.

Two sneezes were considered wholesome, and three signified that a convalescent was fit to be turned out of a hospital.

Sneezing, from noon to midnight, was good, but from night to noon, the reverse.

For one person to sneeze three nights in succession meant that a death would occur in the house, or that some other ill-fortune was sure.

The habits of women were watched closely, and there was strong antipathy to her whistling:

A whistling woman and crowing hen
Are neither fit for God nor men.

Or, according to another version:

A whistling wife and a crowing hen
Will call the old gentleman out of his den.

Dreaming had its signs. A dream of death meant long life. A dream of dancing indicated good fortune:

Who dream of being at a ball
No cause have they for fear;
For soon will they united be
To those they hold most dear.

The Depressing Factors

In medicine superstition played a big part. To cure rheumatism, "carry the fore-foot of a female hare," or "wear a galvanic ring."

To alleviate headache, "burn up your loose hairs lest some bird carry them off and make your head ache all the time she is weaving them into her nest."

To eradicate jaundice, "eat nine lice on a piece of bread and butter."

To stop nose-bleed, "wear a skein of scarlet thread around the neck, tied in front with nine knots."

To destroy a wen, "the touch of a dead man's hand is efficacious."

To prevent a sty, wear a gold ring, as per Beaumont and Fletcher's advice:

—I have a sty here, Chilax.

Chil. I have no gold to cure it, not a penny.

To live long, let your house fill up with spiders:

If you wish to live and thrive,
Let the spider run alive.

To make your life a real delight, rid yourself of superstition and govern yourself by sound judgment. None of the old superstitions have any basis in fact. Even a ghost has actually never been seen.

The world is as you know it, and it is becoming what you and others make it.

A CANNONADE

If words were cannon balls of size,
And thoughts were smokeless powder,
I'd fire off a big surprise,
As loud as guns, or louder.

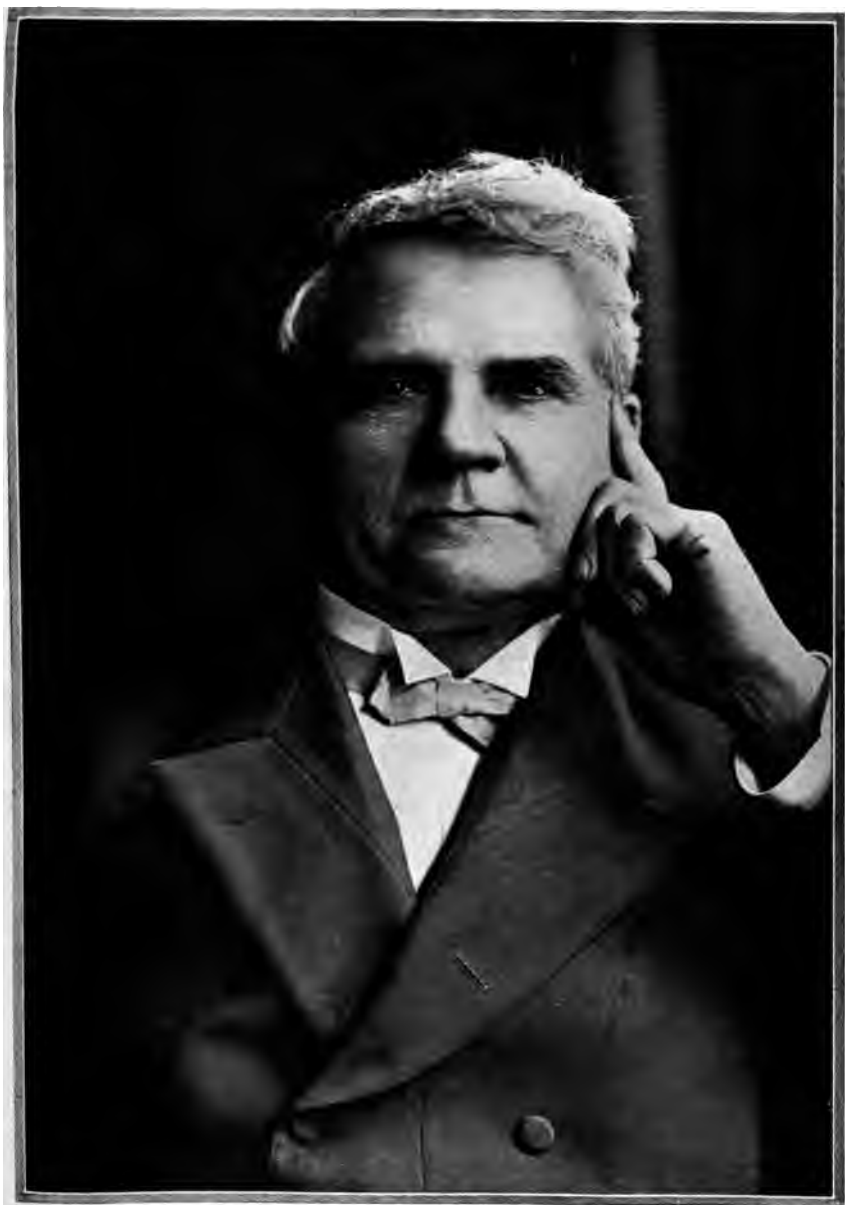
I'd shoot at all the spooks and ghosts,
And send the varmints flying;
I'd mow down error's mighty hosts
With all the troops of lying.

Then next I'd turn the guns around
And slay all superstition;
I'd make the clearing field abound
With growing erudition.

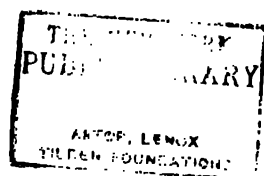
I'd drive out all the doubts and fears,
Credulity included,
And midst a din of shouts and cheers
See ignorance excluded.

I'd hoist the flag of Wisdom's light,
Gigantic evils purging;
And draw the friends of truth and right
Around the standard surging.

And then, with victory complete,
I'd have a celebration,
To show mankind the glorious feat
Of conquered degradation.



WISHING YOU DELIGHT



PART SEVENTH
PERSONAL REFLECTIONS

NONE are so great, so strong, so high
That all beneath the vaulted sky
 To them by right belongs;
None are so small, so weak, so low
That mildly for an hour or so
 They may not sing their songs.

MY STORY

The best part of my life-story is that which precedes it; therefore I will tell it myself.

I know nothing of my ancestors farther back than three generations—my father, his father, and his father, or, as some would speak of the last one, my great grandfather.

Just why it is custom to call fore-parents great and grand is more than I can understand. The only greatness that some men achieve is that they live a long time, and then they are usually anything but grand.

No evidence is in my hands that I am descended from any one very great or grand, though I claim as excellent an ancestry as the average man.

I knew my mother, for I lived with her fifteen years before she died. She was lovely to me, as, indeed, she was to her six other children that I knew, and no doubt was just as lovely to three others who died of scarlet fever before I was born.

My mother lived on earth only forty-two years—not long enough to become great or grand, though I submit that any woman who brings ten children into the world and takes good care of them ought to be called great and grand, if anybody is.

My mother's name before father married her was Miss Fannie Ann Buck, a stout, good-natured person and a hard worker. She had many fine traits of character, and was an exemplary Christian.

My mother's mother, whom I also knew, was of German descent, but her husband, Adam Buck, was one-half Irish; therefore my mother was one-fourth Irish, while I can boast that one-eighth of the vital fluid coursing my veins trickled down from the Emerald Isle. However, there is n't enough Irish about me for one-eighth of the wit I ought to have and have not.

My father was a full-blooded German named Philip. His father bore the name of Jacob, and was the son of Raynard, a stalwart young fellow who came from Germany about the middle of the eighteenth century and settled in Maryland.

Every Life A Delight

Let me tell about him. The stories of brave immigrants are sometimes grand, if not great.

Raynard Potts had no money in the Fatherland, but he had what was better—courage for any task or sacrifice.

He wanted to come to America, but could not pay his passage. So he sold himself for a period of seven years to earn a ticket across the Atlantic.



HE HAD FALLEN IN LOVE

Before his time was up he had fallen in love with a girl whom he wished to bring with him as his wife.

He accordingly had the period of his servitude extended for three years, or ten in all, in order to reach this land of the free.

In due time the young couple embarked, both working on board ship without compensation during the entire voyage, that being a part of the conditions upon which they obtained tickets.

When they landed at Baltimore the only movable property they possessed was a pen-knife, which he carried in his vest pocket.

Personal Reflections

Making their way into the forests about twenty miles from Baltimore, they located their claim, and began the work of carving out a home.

By day's work for others he earned a cow and she a feather bed. Thus, little by little, they brought together materials for housekeeping.

Baltimore at that time (probably about 1759 to 1760) could not have contained more than five hundred inhabitants. It had no newspaper, and no stage-coach connection with any other city until 1773.

Even as late as 1775 it contained only 564 houses and 5,934 inhabitants.

The early settlements were chiefly along the rivers and bay.

Paths were blazed through the woods, and as soon as Raynard began to raise produce for the market, he loaded an ox as heavily as the beast could bear and started in the evening on foot, leading the animal and reaching Baltimore about day-break next morning.

Many were the lonely night journeys made by this great grandfather in this wearisome way.

In course of time Raynard became overseer of a large tobacco plantation, and had charge of the slaves.

Being naturally kind of heart, and remembering his own long period of servitude, he was merciful toward the people in black, looking after their comfort and being careful not to oppress them.

The "blacksnake" then in use was an instrument of punishment for which he had no use.

The slaves loved him, and would do his bidding without force. This annoyed the owners, though the method accrued to their advantage more than brutality would.

Raynard was threatened with dismissal if he showed too much leniency toward the slaves.

One day an old negro complained of weakness and weariness, and the overseer excused him for the day.

Out came the owner in a fit of rage and threatened to horse-whip the overseer.

Every Life A Delight

"Strike me, if you dare!" was the sharp challenge; "but if you do, every slave will rise against you in mutiny!"

Raynard was not struck, but was dismissed, and again had to depend on the labor of his own hands for the necessities of life.

A family of sons and daughters were now growing up around him. His eldest son, Jacob, was born January 14, 1761, and a younger son, John, and three daughters had come to bless the humble home.

Pioneer life in those days was of the abridged variety. Destitution was known, and hard work was necessary to keep soul and body together.

Children, like the parents, were inured to toil and deprived of comforts. Next to the big kettle on the long, swinging crane over the huge fireplace, where the plain vegetables and meats were boiled, the article of furniture considered most essential was the spinning wheel for flax or wool, for every family was supposed to be able to manufacture its own dress fabrics.

In this regard the pioneer sons and daughters of Maryland were not unlike those of the Pilgrims in New England, who were taught to spin flax, dip candles, make soap, and do all the other things which prosperity under difficult conditions required.

When little maidens learned to spin,
There was so much for them to do,
The swift wheels made a merry din
Before the hearth the long day through.
And then, when early evening came,
And ere the twilight prayers were said,
They dipped the candle-wicks whose flame
Should light them to their curtained bed.

In course of time, while Raynard and his children were pursuing their regular duties as pioneers, the Revolutionary War, with all its excitements and animosities, had come and gone. The wife of his youth had left the earth. The eldest son, Jacob, had married, and by the year 1780 or 1782 the entire family had determined to leave Maryland and seek a new home in the wilds of Canada.

Personal Reflections

They made the journey and settled at Lyons Creek, about five miles from Niagara Falls, where they cleared a small farm.

Before the century closed, the widowed father, Raynard, sank to his long rest and was buried at Drummondsville.

The great grand man had passed through many hardships, and merited the reward of the faithful.

The first meal the family ate in Canada was unique even for pioneers.



SPINNING FLAX

Every Life A Delight

The last bit of flour had been exhausted, and there were no stores where new supplies could be obtained.

A kind neighbor had a small piece of wheat just ripening toward the harvest, and he allowed the suffering family to cut just one sheaf.

The wheat was shelled by hand from the heads, the chaff being blown out by the breath, and the kernels were boiled for the repast.



WHERE SURGES ROLL

On the Canada homestead the younger son, John, remained and reared a family. The daughters married, but what their names became, or where they lived and died, are matters to me unknown. Perhaps they became among the great and grand of the world, and then perhaps they did n't.

The elder son, Jacob, having heard of a region of country known as Long Point, up the shore of Lake Erie, and described as "the terrestrial paradise of Canada," where fine grapes, walnuts, chestnuts, plums, and wild apples grew in abundance on

Personal Reflections

native trees, and where deer roamed the forests in vast herds, he resolved to move thither with his family.

At the old home at Lyons Creek good drinking water had ever been scarce, but at the famed paradise, one hundred miles away, pure water was said to bubble up in perennial springs, rolling off in rapid rivulets and streams toward the great lake.

In the year 1800 the new pilgrimage was undertaken. Rude paddle-boats had been constructed, and Jacob and his family, with a few others, started along the lake shore, keeping close to land and rowing all the way.

At night the men would carry the women and children from boat to shore, kindle a fire, prepare a meal, and sleep on the ground until morning. What live-stock they had was driven along the shore.

How long they were in completing the journey is not recorded, but they finally reached the goal of their hopes and found Nature's realities fully as bright and rich as had been pictured.

Few white settlers had preceded them. The first pioneer's cabin had stood but eight years. The Indians, however, were plentiful and peacefully inclined.

Jacob had brought with him a certificate of his good character from the captain of the militia at Niagara Falls which, though it did not make him great or grand, shows that he had friends. It reads:

I do certify that the bearer, Jacob Potts, belonging to my Company of the Third Regiment Militia of the County of Lincoln, has always behaved himself and been very attentive to his duty since I had the honor to command the Company.

THOMAS CUMMINGS, *Captain*.

To whom it may concern.

Chippawa, 15th March, 1800.

Jacob became quite conspicuous among his pioneer neighbors. He had purchased two hundred acres of land, paying cash, as the receipt shows, and had proceeded to erect the largest barn in the whole region.

Every Life A Delight

The building, though constructed of logs, was fifty feet long, and every settler within fifteen miles around was summoned to help raise it up. The common remark was that the farm would never yield enough grain and produce to fill it.

Good use, however, was made of the structure. Public worship was often held in it, and tradition says that the famed Nathan Bangs delivered in it his first sermon in Canada.

Jacob was thrice married, first in Maryland, where Susannah, his wife, bore him four sons and two daughters, all of whom came with him up Lake Erie's shore. By his second wife he had no issue.

By his third wife, Catherine, he had one daughter and two sons, his youngest child, Philip, being my father.

Jacob lived until January 27, 1838, and was buried in the original cemetery of his township. His modest tombstone bears this epitaph:

"He lived and died a Christian."

My father, Philip, first saw the light April 10, 1819, and he was twenty-nine years old when, on June 12, 1848, he kissed my mother and first took me into his arms, his second living son.

The sun did not stand still when I was born, nor was the son still-born. I was told, after I began to kick around, that I had been "a fine, strong baby, good-natured, and a rapid grower."

Further, this deponent sayeth not.

HOW I GREW RICH

I came to these United States when near the age of nine;
My father brought me here, you see, I could not well decline:
He brought me with five other sons to get us each a farm,
Where we could plow and hoe and dig afar from city's harm.

Yet not a son of us to-day is digging in the ground;
We're getting rich, or trying to, by other means we found.
As for myself, I left the farm when sixteen years of age,
And taught a school, then went to war, then hired out for wage.

Personal Reflections

And since that time, by hook or crook, I've tried to make my
pile,

I've studied hard, and written much, and lived in humble style;
I've bought and sold, and borrowed, too, and paid my honest
debts;

I've stood aloof from watered stocks, from gambling schemes
and bets.

My first investment was in land. They said it would increase
in value fast by growth of crops, by dairy goods, and fleece;
But 't was n't long before I learned by own or other's fault
That in the farming business I could never earn my salt.

And so I sold the tract of land for just what I could get,
And bought a fine suburban lot from salesman whom I met;
He said that I would soon be rich by holding city land—
While I built castles in the air, he talked to beat the band.

I held the lot for twenty years, met the improvement cost,
Then reckoned up my balance-sheet, and found that I had lost,
In taxes, interest, and all, some fifty-odd per cent—
I pity fellows like myself on speculation bent.

So next I bought some gilt-edged stock in city banking house;
To see it pay big dividends I watched it like a mouse;
It paid the dividends all right, and paid the cashier, too;
It's paying lawyers yet to see its litigation through.

Enough for me, I thought, and turned to such industries rare,
As sugar factories and cement, investing cash and care;
But one by one the factories closed, the charters went to smash,
And thus in ventures such as these I have n't earned my hash.

But I am rich in spite of all; I've learned a thing or two;
I've learned that money is n't made by every project new;
I've learned that saving is ahead of speculation bold,
That empty glitter forms the bulk of a promoter's gold.

AN UNUSUAL REQUEST

Never in such an unusual manner was an appeal made to my heart as in the case of a widower in Northern Michigan who wished me to find a wife for him in Detroit.

The wistful man said that he owned forty acres of land, one-half of which was under cultivation, the rest sugar-bush, and he had five children, was himself only forty years old, and he knew that there must be many widows in a great city like Detroit who would be glad to come to him and be married. Would I please look up one of them for him?

In his view, an editor knew everybody, widows included, and he thought it would be only a pleasant pastime for me to tramp around over the city consulting a hundred or so of the women in black whether they would go up into the north woods, eat maple sugar, be a mother to five lusty urchins, and incidentally marry a man in mourning who considered himself the proprietor of one-fourth of a quarter-section of stump land.

Of course, my heart was deeply moved in behalf of the poor fellow. He was entirely sincere in the matter. He thought I could do him the little favor just as well as not, and to this day I know not whether he does not blame me for so cruelly neglecting to whisper love stories into the ears of an army of widows to induce them to rush to the rescue of a simple-minded widower with five children, a sugar bush, and twenty acres of cleared ground upon which to raise potatoes and cabbages.

MISTAKEN FOR A BURGLAR

The funniest incident in my life, though it might have proved very serious, was when I was mistaken for a burglar. It happened in this way: I had been absent from home for several days, and was not expected when I arrived late at night, and the family had retired.

I used my night-key, opened the door quietly, and went in,

Personal Reflections

saying nothing, not wishing to disturb the sleepers, all of whom were on the upper floor.

My own bed-room was on the first floor, and my bed had not been prepared for my coming, so I proceeded to pull open bureau drawers to find sheets and pillow-cases.

Now, it so happened that a new kitchen maid had been employed, and she had not become used to my total deafness, or to my manner of doing things.

But she was a wide-awake person, and when she heard the stealthy pulling of the drawers she concluded that a thief was ransacking the house, and proceeded to alarm the rest of the family.

Blissfully unconscious myself that anybody was scared or screaming, I continued my hunt for the missing bed clothes.

Pretty soon I saw a light flashing around the house, and stepping to a curtained window I discerned a policeman and several others testing the windows and moving cautiously about. Impulsively, I asked what the trouble was. The policeman, with drawn revolver, approached the window where I stood and demanded to know my business in that house. Though I did not at the time know what he said, I surmised the situation and proceeded to explain the matter of my home-coming.

The maid heard my voice, recognized it, threw open her own window, and exclaimed to the searching party that I was no burglar, and that everything was all right.

The policeman marched off, scolding, the neighbors went home laughing, and I went upstairs and pacified the relieved yet still agitated household, promising never again to enter my own home unexpectedly in the night without making suitable announcements.

EDITORIAL FUN

'T is fun to be an editor, right in the public eye,
You get such thorough using up before you have to die;
The using up is sure to come, no editor escapes;
It comes from many sources, too, and in a thousand shapes.
There are the would-be writers, first, who'd scalp your very pate
And at your next election rub your name from off the slate;
And various correspondents, too, who'd knife you right and left
Because you had to cut their squibs to suit the space as left.
Obituary writers all would oust you from your chair
And with your own blue pencil write your memoir then and there.
The readers of your personals and other lively bits,
Along with such as sniff your "eds," would often give you fits.
Perusers of the articles you deemed so timely true,
With critics of the poetry acceptable to you,
Would join the controversialists and name you as a dunce
If by some chance, when off your guard, you made a slip just once.
The people whom you mention much want mentioning some
more;
The modest ones are deeply peeved, the sensitive are sore;
The temperance folks are swift to charge that you're a party man;
The politicians class you with the fool-type, cranky clan;
The scientists ignore your views as foggyish and crude;
The orthodox think you have joined the higher critics rude;
The tithers say you're worldly if you do n't denounce bazaars—
They think reporting social life your paper always mars.
The advocates of holiness have no respect for mirth,
While haters of the sanctified would banish them from earth.

No editor has ever stood the racket very long;
If he survives for a decade he must be wise and strong;
He'll never find his sanctum quite an easy saint's retreat,
Nor think his work in any line promotive of conceit.
But fun he'll have in spite of all if once he gets his hide,
Like that of the rhinoceros, completely tanned and dried.

MY VISITOR

He wanted to see me, so he said;
Had long upon my writings fed;
Called it an honor just to meet
The one whose thoughts had been a treat.

He kept a talking on and on,
About his projects, pro and con,
Often declaring, sure as fate,
He counted me both good and great.

Within an hour—yes, and less—
He had talked me into nothingness;
Like streak of blue his tongue had stirred,
While I had spoken not a word.

He had told me of his health and age,
In what he had and would engage;
About his children and his wife,
His views of this and that in life.

Nor for a moment had he paused
To learn effect his words had caused;
He had rattled on, and time defied,
While I saw staring and tongue-tied.

Nor did his talking cease until
The visit closed his talking mill;
The mill was grinding when he went,
And what a wind of breath he'd spent!

"I'm glad to *know* you," so he said,
As he was leaving me half-dead;
While I *knew* him quite well, you see,
In no respect did he *know me*.



THE PEBBLY BEACH

MY COTTAGE BY THE BAY

The summer sun, in melting streaks,
Is pouring down to-day;
My fevered heart with longing seeks
My cottage by the Bay.

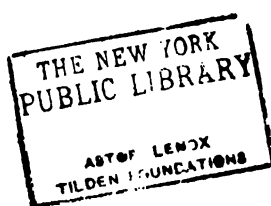
There, where the cooling maple shade
Salutes the hot sun-ray,
A paradise for me is made—
My cottage by the Bay.

The friendly birds and bird-like friends
Make life so light and gay;
Each daily round too quickly ends
In cottage by the Bay.

A living spring in crystal stream
Makes glad the hillside way,
And smiling faces ever beam
From cottage by the Bay.



BEAUTIFUL BAY VIEW



Personal Reflections

Sweet childhood on the pebbly beach,
Where gentle wavelets play,
Keeps heaven closely within reach
Of cottage by the Bay.

O haven of rest! Too dear for earth!
Too brief with thee my stay!
Too sacred, far, that homely hearth—
My cottage by the Bay!

“ENCLOSED FIND”

A letter reached me years ago,
With others of the common sort;
A stranger's letter, welcome, though,
Because of rare and good import.

Its opening words, “Please find enclosed,”
Prepared a pleasant sight to greet;
And lo! two bright new bills reposed
Within the foldings of the sheet.

“Use when and where you need it most!”
Thus was expressed the donor's care.
Who is my kind and generous host?
I looked, and lo! no name was there.

But now and then, in later years,
These tithing messages have come,
And each, with some kind word that cheers,
Has held a five, or smaller sum.

And every dollar placed in trust
For use somewhere when needed most
Has gone to buy a thread or crust,
As designated by my host.



"THE GAME IS UP"

THE TUG UPON THE LINE

Cast in your hook! Await a strike!
The fishing now is fine.
There! there! a whale or something like
Is tugging on your line.

Why do your eyes bulge out, my friend?
Why is your rod a bow?
Reel in! Your line may reach the end,
Then off your fish will go!

He comes! The hook is still in place!
I see his flashing side!
An eager look now lights your face;
The fish fights in the tide!

Personal Reflections

O, how he pulls! Your muscles stand
Like ropes of corded twine!
Hie, there! If you the game would land,
Then hold right taut your line!

Ah! steady, now! His run grows short!
His fins have lost their spring!
The game is up! The fisher's sport
Is taking rapid wing.

Poor flopping fish! To throw you back
My heart doth half incline;
But wait! I feel another whack
And tug upon the line!

MY FAVORITE

She is fair, yes, rather pretty,
Also bright and counted witty;
Cute in speech, but hardly saucy,
Self-reliant, yet not bossy;
Fine in person, tall and slender;
Not a stoic, nor too tender;
Sympathetic, rarely crying;
Never sad, and seldom sighing;
Truly modest, sometimes blushing;
Not too sweet, and never gushing;
Strong in beautiful ambition;
Meek enough for due contrition;
Never haughty, vain, or chilly;
Neither fulsome, soft, or silly;
Gay enough, and ever merry;
Not unguarded or unwary;

Every Life A Delight

Always straight without a waver,
Never bold, yet none are braver;
Quick in action and decision,
Sound in judgment, clear in vision;
Candid, earnest, persevering;
Bound to win, and others cheering;
Quite the equal of her mother;
Like herself, and not another.



"Like Herself"



THE GOLDEN HAIR



IN CURLS SO FAIR

TWO DEAR GIRLS

Two dear girls that I know,
They occupy my heart so!
Each has a place
None can efface,
No matter how the world go;
Each girlish face
Is decked with grace
More beauteous than a rainbow.

Two dear girls that I know
My dear affection holds so!
The little things
Pull my heart strings
In constant, tender outgo;
I buy them rings,
And Santa brings
His gifts in merry outflow.

Every Life A Delight

Two dear girls that I know—
The tiny kids have grown so!
The golden hair,
In curls so fair,
That in their childhood shone so,
Knows now the care
And fashion's dare
Which over all is thrown so.

Two dear girls that I know,
My heart goes out to them so!
The years may roll
Yet not control
The love for them I've sown so!
Sweet thoughts control
My inmost soul—
I've held them as my own so.

Personal Reflections

MY SWEETHEART

I had a little sweetheart
Some few decades ago,
The dearest little sweetheart
A trusting boy could know;
In truth she was a greatheart,
As measured by her beau.

No one could come between us,
My sweetheart dear and me,
The fates were sure to screen us
From lover number three;
I wish you could have seen us
Agreeing to agree.

And time has fairly tested
The sweetness of her heart;
In her has never nested
The bitter-sweet and tart;
And no one yet has wrested
Us very far apart.



"The sweetness of her heart"



MARGARET

MY CHILD'S CHILD

When my own first child was born, I was called "papa."

When my child's first child was born, I was styled "grandpa."

This was not because I was at all "grand," nor because I felt much like a "pa."

Yet my daughter's child was to me really grand, with grand, lustrous eyes, grand little chubby hands, a grand smile, and grand baby ways. She was a grand magnet, too.

Since her first year she has commanded my love to such an extent that it is difficult to stay away from her.

She really seems very much like my own child, or as my children did at her age.

It is marvelous how "blood tells," how kinship counts, how parental affection is handed down. To me little Margaret is very different from any other child of her age in the world. She is sweeter, more interesting, and I love her more.

Therefore, while I do not fancy the name of "grandpa," I am more than willing to call Little Margaret a *grand child*.



"EVER SHALL I HOLD HIM DEAR"

DAYS OF YORE

Back, my heart, to days of yore,
Scenes of younger life live o'er;
Go where fruit lands meet the waves,
Where the sea-nymph, sporting, laves.

Listen to that tender cry!
'T is my first-born waking nigh.
Loud above the roaring sea
That sweet echo comes to me.

Child of hope at parent's knee;
Willing helper he's to be;
Help or hinder, he has sway
Through his happy infant day.

Every Life A Delight

Babe to boyhood speedy grown;
Boy to manhood; years have flown;
Babe or man, while I am here,
Ever shall I hold him dear.

Back, my heart, to days of yore!
Wake the echoes on that shore;
Match with praise the roaring sea
Where my first-born came to me.



TWO LITTLE GRAVES

Among the millions of children's graves upon this earth, two there are which are very precious to me. One is on the bank of the Mississippi River, where sleeps my little Oscar Ferdinand, and the other in Woodmere Cemetery, Detroit, where rests my little Arthur Ninde.

Dear, indeed, to me are these little mounds of earth. There my hottest tears were shed; there my keenest heartaches endured.

Lowered away from my bodily sight forever, I saw those little forms go down. The eyes that had beamed into mine were closed. The soft, chubby hands that had patted my cheeks were still. The lips that had uttered expressions of love were sealed. O agony! thy name is broken-hearted father!

Years and years have passed, and my little boys sleep on. Had they lived, they would have been in young manhood now, and I would have known and cherished them through all the period of their growth. And would my present thoughts of them have been as tender and fond as they are now? I can not tell, but this I know: My other children hold their places in my heart just as they did in infancy, and for them I would, if need be, suffer and die.

But Ferdie and Arthur! Dear, departed little boys! To me they will be ever young, ever frail, ever sweet and beautiful. The innocence still encircles them like a halo of light and glory. Their names are written in fadeless hues upon my inmost heart.

Ferdie, my babe forever!

Arthur, my boy immortal!

Rest on, loved souls! My own spirit draws near to thine. The end of mourning is in sight. Sorrow and crying will soon cease evermore.

THE PASSING YEARS

How strange is life! Each lives his own.
Into its mystic depths are thrown
The joys and griefs, the hopes and fears,
The cares and toils of passing years.

What, then, am I? And what art thou?
What are these moments we call Now?
What is our consciousness? and who
Can sound his own existence through?

What is this life account we take?
How differ dreams from thoughts awake?
What is a thought? Is inner fact
Less verity than outward act?

What is experience? Is mine
In character the same as thine?
Do what we know and see and feel,
On each the same emotions seal?

How is thy mind impressed by pain?
Canst thou the dread of death disdain?
Does each love life with equal zest?
Is each alike by kindness blest?

What are these years which pass for all?
What are these states which from them fall—
Maturity, old age, alarm,
Regret, remorse, or peaceful charm?

These passing years no fiat halts.
Above their doom no state exalts.
From naught that breathes Time turns aside,
Nor pity shows the terrified.

Personal Reflections

O passing years! O year the last!
On thee my fading eye is cast!
O shoreless sea! O sealess shore!
When time and earth with me are o'er!

Come, then, my works, my thoughts, my dreams,
A larger life before us gleams;
A brighter sky before us clears!
Farewell, farewell! O passing years!

3-8-15

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